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From The Spectator.

LIVINGSTONE'S TRAVELS IN SOUTH AFRICA.*

THIS long-looked for narrative of African travels and discovery will not disappoint expectation. Greater skill in the arrangement of the three leading divisions of the work, so as to present the travels in three distinct parts like the acts of a drama, would have facilitated the reader's grasp of the whole story at the outset; since there is in the first place the author's residence as a medical missionary in the country beyond the Cape settlements, his exploration of the desert, his discovery of Lake Ngami and the Zambesi; secondly, his journey from the Zambesi (starting in about 18° South Latitude and 24° West longitude) to Loanda on the Atlantic and back; finally, a similar journey Eastward to the shores of the Indian Ocean. Greater practice in composition would often have transferred the general observations on geography, natural history, and native character, to the close of the respective sections, instead of intermixing them with the narrative. Occasionally, greater clearness might be desirable as regards some scientific expositions. But, taken altogether, the book is original, attractive, and important, with an operating though not prominent judgment, which prevents the author from dwelling upon his early travels in the Cape colony or the explored regions beyond it. Enough of this is given, but no more than is needful to see the experience and connections Dr. Livingstone acquired as a medical missionary and traveller in the country of the Bechuanas, Bushmen, and other wild tribes. Without the habits and knowledge of a dozen years, the traveller could not have subsequently made his way among strange and suspicious Negro tribes; without long training and acclimatization, he never could have borne up against the labors, privations, and fever-laden atmosphere of the

* *Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa; including a Sketch of Sixteen Years' Residence in the Interior of Africa, and a Journey from the Cape of Good Hope to Loanda on the West Coast; thence across the Continent, down the River Zambesi, to the Eastern Ocean.* By David Livingstone, LL.D., D.C.L., &c. &c. With Portrait, Maps by Arrowsmith, and numerous Illustrations. Published by Murray.

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many regions he had to pass through in effecting his discoveries. In a literary point of view, he could not without so long a sojourn have infused so much of African atmosphere as it were into his accounts of what he observed and did; a peculiarity which we have rarely noticed before in a traveller, never to so great an extent. The blaze and bareness of the desert—the increasing richness of vegetation and plentifulness of water as you advance towards the Equator, till rank grass, almost impenetrable forests, with inundations in the rainy season and swamps afterwards, give the traveller too much of those good things—the strange and various animalia—and more important still, the mental and moral character of the various peoples—are all presented to the reader, not as something surprising from a novice, but as matters that constitute quite the ordinary state of things. The difference between Dr. Livingstone and many other travellers, and not bad travellers either, is the difference of an old experienced guide, who has all at his fingers' ends, and a smart young valet-de-place, who may do things with more method and talk with more fluency, but whose actual knowledge is not much deeper than the tourist's own.

The discoveries of Dr. Livingstone, as regards extent, exceed those of any modern land-traveller. If the reader will take up a common map of Africa, he will observe the Portuguese settlement of Loanda, on the Atlantic coast, in about 9 degrees of South latitude, and on the opposite side of the continent, the mouths of the Quilimane and Zambesi rivers, falling into the Mozambique Channel nearly opposite the centre Madagascar. Throughout this range of ten degrees of latitude and upwards of twenty of longitude, the examiner will find nothing but a few scratches to indicate imaginary rivers, lakes, or mountains; for, except the Portuguese information respecting their own settlements at the two extremities of the long range of country, all rested upon vague report till Dr. Livingstone traversed the line and filled up the map, substituting certainty for what before was blankness, with here and there a conjectural feature.

The exploration has led to discoveries greater in some sense than were even expected. Instead of the great central desert where reported rivers lost themselves in the sand that speculative geographers have dreamed of, Dr. Livingstone has traced a continuous and perennial river from about latitude 9° South and longitude 22° East, across the continent to the mouths of the Quillimane or more properly of the Zambesi. This water-course is not, like the Australian or South African rivers, a torrent at certain times and a succession of pools with a muddy or dry bed intervening for the remainder of the year. There is always plenty of water; and for five-sevenths of its distance it is navigable, so far as water is concerned, (for the impediments from rapids, cataracts, and sandbanks, are numerous,) for "Thames steamers." Of course this body of water is not from a single river. On the contrary, as far as Dr. Livingstone could learn, and as he partly proved from the tributary streams he crossed in his way, the Leeba and the Zambesi drain the larger portion of the continent of Africa over ten degrees of latitude and nearly double the number of longitude. This network of watercourses is one of the most remarkable in the world. Like the Nile and the Niger, it inundates the low flat lands during a portion of the year; but the tributary rivers seem more numerous than those which (so far as we know) contribute to the Niger and the Nile—rather resembling the Mississippi and the mighty rivers of South America. The reason why no suspicion of the magnitude of the Zambesi was entertained, appears to be the same as that which so long concealed the outlet of the Niger, the number of its mouths, and the sandbanks across them. [The Zambesi has various names at different parts of its course, according to the language of the tribes; but the names all signify flowing water, and mean the river, or the great river.]

Dr. Livingstone did not approach within nine degrees of the Equator, or do more than cross the upper waters of the Coango, and other rivers that fall into the Atlantic North and South of Loanda. His actual discoveries, the native information he collected and what is known from other sources, will, however, enable the geographer to form a shrewd guess as to the interior of Africa from the Equator to the Cape settlements, or in-

deed to the exploration-line of travellers from the North; which line stops short of the Equator by about the same distance as that of Dr. Livingstone. At either extremity of the continent we find a belt of land extending roughly over eight degrees of latitude, capable of regular settlement and cultivation,—as Algiers, with the other states along the Mediterranean, and our Cape colonies. This is followed in either case by a desert, only sparsely habitable from scarcity of water; the Northern Sahara seeming to have the advantage as regards men, but the Southern with respect to animals, for whose sustenance it is provided with a peculiar vegetation. Of the forty degrees of latitude which form the central part of Africa, we know that one-half (and there are reasonable grounds for inferring the same of the middle region) is distinguished by Tropical heat, Tropical rains, and Tropical vegetation. The rains that create the fertility form considerable rivers, most of which find their way to the ocean; some form inland lakes; a once widely-entertained theory Dr. Livingstone disputes altogether,—he does not believe that any African river loses itself in sand. The inhabitants are Negroes, though varying in physiognomy and color; and when let alone by ambitious and turbulent rival chieftains and uncorrupted by the slave-dealers, seem to lead a happy enough animal kind of life, in a vegetarian and often total abstinence mode of existence, though some tribes contrive to get intoxicated on a sort of beer or mead. With the natural communications of the country opened up, the soil tolerably cultivated, and regular governments established, the region could produce commodities enough for a most enormous foreign commerce, and food sufficient to stop the fears of the Malthusian for centuries to come. But we confess we are not so sanguine in an *early* expectation of this millennium as some, and our author amongst them. South America possesses as great natural advantages, if not greater; and though her countries may have bad governments, they *have* governments. So far as Dr. Livingstone's discoveries bear upon African advancements, it must be observed that the doors of the country are kept by others; the Portuguese settlements of Loanda and Quillimane at the two ends of his route render any trade or even communication impracticable except by the good-will of Por-

tugal. This in the case of Dr. Livingstone was given kindly and lavishly; but there is a vast difference between a distinguished traveller, recommended by a British Secretary of State, and skippers and supercargoes, only anxious to turn a penny, and not very scrupulous as to how they compass it.

The great obstacles to African civilization and commerce are natural. Divided into a number of independent tribes at frequent foray with one another, there is no certainty; the smiling district of to-day may be a desert to-morrow, so far as man can make it so. An European might or might not be safe among them: Dr. Livingstone's example proves little. He was widely known by reputation; he thoroughly understood the native character; and he was recommended by a powerful chieftain. What is of more importance, his friend Sekeletu, this powerful chief of Bechuana or desert descent, furnished him with a body of Mokololo attendants on his Westward journey to Loanda. When the Doctor returned and started on his Eastward journey, which towards its close would lead him among unfriendly tribes, some of whom had lately been at war with the Portuguese, he was accompanied by upwards of a hundred followers. These men were analogous to the Arabs of the Northern Sahara—old campaigners, who desired nothing better than an excuse "to labor in their vocation." Here they are in presence of an ill-conditioned potentate.

"This morning at sunrise, a party of Mpende's people came close to our encampment, uttering strange cries and waving some bright red substance towards us. They then lighted a fire with charms in it, and departed, uttering the same hideous screams as before. This was intended to render us powerless, and probably also to frighten us. Ever since dawn, parties of armed men have been seen collecting from all quarters, and numbers passed us while it was yet dark. Had we moved down the river at once, it would have been considered an indication of fear or defiance, and so would a retreat. I therefore resolved to wait, trusting in Him who has the hearts of all men in His hands. They evidently intended to attack us, for no friendly message was sent; and when three of the Batoka the night before entered the village to beg food, a man went round about each of them, making a noise like a lion. The villagers then called upon them to do homage; and when they complied, the chief

ordered some chaff to be given them, as if it had been food. Other things also showed unmistakable hostility. As we were now pretty certain of a skirmish, I ordered an ox to be slaughtered, as this is a means which Sebituane [the father of Sekeletu and a great warrior] employed for inspiring courage. I have no doubt that we should have been victorious; indeed, my men, who were far better acquainted with fighting than any of the people on the Zambesi, were rejoicing in the prospect of securing captives to carry the tusks for them. 'We shall now,' said they, 'get both corn and clothes in plenty.' They were in a sad state, poor fellows! for the rains we had encountered had made their skin-clothing drop off piecemeal, and they were looked upon with disgust by the well-fed and well-clothed Zambesians. They were, however, veterans in marauding; and the head men, instead of being depressed by fear, as the people of Mpende intended should be the case in using their charms, hinted broadly to me that I ought to allow them to keep Mpende's wives. The roasting of meat went on fast and furious; and some of the young men said to me, 'You have seen us with the elephants, but you don't know yet what we can do with men.' I believe that had Mpende struck the first blow, he would soon have found out that he never made a greater mistake in his life."

The greatest obstacle to improvement, however, is the climate. Except in a rather highland region laying towards the Portuguese settlement of Quilimane,—to which Dr. Livingstone proposes to return and form a mission,—the whole district is infested by fever, and even the hills may be. Numbers of the natives sink under it yearly; any man less acclimatized or with a less wonderful constitution than Dr. Livingstone must have sunk at the outset of his great expedition. Even on the verge of the desert, before he reached the basin of the Zambesi, the significant name of "fever-ponds" indicates the state of things. He was frequently attacked afterwards before he reached Loanda; and this was the condition in which he travelled the latter portion of the way to the Portuguese territory.

"We were most kindly received by the Commandant of Ambaca, Arsenio de Carpo; who spoke a little English. He recommended wine for my debility, and here I took the first glass of that beverage I had taken in Africa. I felt much refreshed, and could then realize and meditate on the weakening effects of the fever. They were curious even

to myself; for, though I had tried several times since we left Ngio to take lunar observations, I could not avoid confusion of time and distance, neither could I hold the instrument steady, nor perform a simple calculation; hence many of the positions of this part of the route were left till my return from Loanda. Often, on getting up in the mornings, I found my clothing as wet from perspiration as if it had been dipped in water. In vain had I tried to learn or collect words of the Bunda or dialect spoken in Angola. I forgot the days of the week and the names of my companions, and, had I been asked, I probably could not have told my own. The complaint itself occupied many of my thoughts. One day I supposed that I had got the true theory of it, and would certainly cure the next attack whether in myself or companions; but some new symptoms would appear, and scatter all the fine speculations which had sprung up with extraordinary fertility in one department of my brain."

On the Westward journey he was reckless, but, gaining wisdom by experience, he made himself comfortable when going Eastward, according to African notions of comfort.

"This was the first wetting we had got since we left Sesheke, [Sekeletu's capital, and the starting-rendezvous] for I had gained some experience in travelling. In Loanda we braved the rain; and as I despised being carried in our frequent passage through running water, I was pretty constantly drenched, but now, when we saw a storm coming, we invariably halted. The men soon pulled grass sufficient to make a little shelter for themselves by placing it on a bush; and having got my camp-stool and umbrella with a little grass under my feet, I kept myself perfectly dry. We also lighted large fires, and the men were not chilled by streams of water running down their persons, and abstracting the heat, as they would have been had they been exposed to the rain. When it was over, they warmed themselves by the fires, and we travelled on comfortably. The effect of this care was, that we had much less sickness than with a smaller party in journeying to Loanda. Another improvement made from my experience was avoiding an entire change of diet. In going to Loanda, I took little or no European food, in order not to burden my men and make them lose spirit, but trusted entirely to what might be got by the gun and the liberality of the Balonda; but on this journey I took some flour which had been left in the waggon, with some got on the island, and baked my own bread all the way in an extemporaneous oven made by an inverted pot. With these precautions

aided, no doubt, by the greater salubrity of the district over which we passed, I enjoyed perfect health."

This perfect health did not continue: on reaching Tete, the first Portuguese station, he was laid up with fever; and he caught another on his journey to Quilimane, as was to be expected from the nature of the coast. Indeed, the most wonderful thing about the expedition is that the traveller survived to tell it.

"The village of Kilimane stands on a great mud bank, and is surrounded by extensive swamps and rice-grounds. The banks of the river are lined with mangrove-bushes, the roots of which, and the slimy banks on which they grow, are alternately exposed to the tide and sun. The houses are well built of brick and lime; the latter from Mozambique. If one digs down two or three feet in any part of the site of the village, he comes to water: hence the walls built on this mud bank gradually subside; pieces are sometimes sawn off the doors below, because the walls in which they are fixed have descended into the ground, so as to leave the floors higher than the bottom of the doors. It is almost needless to say that Kilimane is very unhealthy. A man of plethoric temperament is sure to get fever; and concerning a stout person, one may hear the remark, 'Ah! he will not live long, he is sure to die.'

"A Hamburg vessel was lost near the bar before we came down. The men were much more regular in their habits than English sailors, so I had an opportunity of observing the fever acting as a slow poison. They felt 'out of sorts' only, but gradually became pale, bloodless, and emaciated, then weaker and weaker, till at last they sank more like oxen bitten by tsetse than any disease I ever saw. The captain, a strong robust young man, remained in perfect health for about three months, but was at last knocked down suddenly and made as helpless as a child, by this terrible disease. He had imbibed a foolish prejudice against quinine, our sheet-anchor in the complaint. This is rather a professional subject, but I introduce it here in order to protest against the prejudice as almost entirely unfounded. Quinine is invaluable in fever, and never produces any unpleasant effects in any stage of the disease, *if exhibited in combination with an aperient*. The captain was saved by it, without his knowledge; and I was thankful that the mode of treatment so efficacious among natives promised so fair among Europeans."

Although discovery, and discovery of a new and most extensive kind, is the feature

of the book, still there are many other things in it of an interesting nature, regarding native traits, the habits and characteristics of wild animals, and the peculiarities of insects and vegetation. Here are a few gatherings.

Queenly Difficulties.—"I found Sekeletu a young man of eighteen years of age, of that dark-yellow or coffee-and-milk color, of which the Makololo are so proud, because it distinguishes them considerably from the black tribes on the rivers. He is about five feet seven in height, and neither so good-looking nor of so much ability as his father was, but is equally friendly to the English. Sebituane installed his daughter Mamochisane into the chieftainship long before his death; but, with all his acuteness, the idea of her having a husband who should not be her lord did not seem to enter his mind. He wished to make her his successor, probably in imitation of some of the Negro tribes with whom he had come into contact; but, being of the Bechuana race, he could not look upon the husband except as the woman's lord, so he told her all the men were hers, she might take any one, but ought to keep none. In fact, he thought she might do with the men what he could do with the women. But these men had other wives; and, according to a saying in the country, 'the tongues of women cannot be governed,' they made her miserable by their remarks. One man whom she chose was even called her wife, and her son the child of Mamochisane's wife; but the arrangement was so distasteful to Mamochisane herself, that, as soon as Sebituane died, she said she never would consent to govern the Makololo so long as she had a brother living. Sekeletu, being afraid of another member of the family, 'Mpépe, who had pretensions to the chieftainship, urged his sister strongly to remain as she had always been, and allow him to support her authority by leading the Makololo when they went forth to war. Three days were spent in public discussion on the point. 'Mpépe insinuated that Sekeletu was not the lawful son of Sebituane, on account of his mother having been the wife of another chief before her marriage with Sebituane. Mamochisane however, upheld Sekeletu's claims, and at last stood up in the assembly and addressed him with a womanly gush of tears: 'I have been a chief only because my father wished it. I always would have preferred to be married and have a family like other women. You, Sekeletu, must be chief and build up your father's house.'"

Reading, Money, and Machinery.—"I proposed to teach the Makololo to read; but, for the reasons mentioned, Sekeletu at first declined: after some weeks, however, Motibe,

his father-in-law, and some others determined to brave the mysterious book. To all who have not acquired it, the knowledge of letters is quite unfathomable; there is nought like it within the compass of their observation; and we have no comparison with any thing except pictures, to aid them in comprehending the idea of signs of words. It seems to them supernatural that we see in a book things taking place or having occurred at a distance. No amount of explanation conveys the idea unless they learn to read. Machinery is equally inexplicable, and money nearly as much so until they see it in actual use. They are familiar with barter alone; and in the centre of the country, where gold is totally unknown, if a button and sovereign were left to their choice, they would prefer the former on account of its having an eye.

"In beginning to learn, Motibe seemed to himself in the position of the doctor who was obliged to drink his potion before the patient, to show that it contained nothing detrimental: after he had mastered the alphabet, and reported the thing so far safe, Sekeletu and his young companions came forward to try for themselves. He must have resolved to watch the effects of the book against his views on polygamy, and abstain whenever he perceived any tendency, in reading it, towards enforcing him to put his wives away. A number of men learned the alphabet in a short time, and were set to teach others."

Heathenism.—"I had been, during a nine weeks' tour, in closer contact with heathenism than I had ever been before; and though all, including the chief, were as kind and attentive to me as possible, and there was no want of food, (oxen being slaughtered daily, sometimes ten at a time, more than sufficient for the wants of all,) yet to endure the dancing, roaring, and singing, the jesting, anecdotes, grumbling, quarrelling, and murdering of these children of nature, seemed more like a severe penance than any thing I had before met with in the course of my missionary duties. I took thence a more intense disgust at heathenism than I had before, and formed a greatly elevated opinion of the latent effects of missions in the South, among tribes which are reported to have been as savage as the Makololo. The indirect benefits, which to a casual observer lie beneath the surface and are inappreciable, in reference to the probable wide diffusion of Christianity at some future time are worth all the money and labor that have been expended to produce them."

The Looking-glass.—"The women have somewhat the same ideas with ourselves of what constitutes comeliness. They came frequently and asked for the looking-glass;

and the remarks they made—while I was engaged in reading, and apparently not attending to them—on first seeing themselves therein, was amusingly ridiculous. 'Is that me?' 'What a big mouth I have!' 'My ears are as big as pumpkin-leaves.' 'I have no chin at all.' Or, 'I would have been pretty, but am spoiled by these high cheek-bones.' 'See how my head shoots up in the middle!'—laughing vociferously all the time at their own jokes. They readily perceive any defect in each other, and give nicknames accordingly. One man came along to have a quiet gaze at his own features once, when he thought I was asleep: after twisting his mouth about in various directions, he remarked to himself, 'People say I am ugly, and how very ugly I am indeed!'"

Thus far the extracts relate to Sekeletu and his yellow-colored people, among whom the Doctor resided during the latter part of his stay in Africa. The following mostly refer to his Tropical journeyings.

Travels of Manufactures.—"When crossing at the confluence of the Leeba and Makondo, one of my men picked up a bit of a steel watch-chain of English manufacture, and we were informed that this was the spot where the Mambari cross in coming to Masiko. Their visits explain why Sekelenke kept his tusks so carefully. These Mambari are very enterprising merchants; when they mean to trade with a town, they deliberately begin the affair by building huts, as if they knew that little business could be transacted without a liberal allowance of time for palaver. They bring Manchester goods into the heart of Africa; these cotton prints look so wonderful that the Makololo could not believe them to be the work of mortal hands. On questioning the Mambari, they were answered that English manufactures came out of the sea, and beads were gathered on its shore. To Africans our cotton-mills are fairy dreams. 'How can the irons spin, weave, and print so beautifully?' Our country is like what Taprobane was to our ancestors—a strange realm of light, whence came the diamond, muslin, and peacocks: an attempt at explanation of our manufactures usually elicits the expression, 'Truly, ye are gods!'"

Feeling towards Water.—"There was considerable pleasure, in spite of rain and fever, in this new scenery. The deep gloom contrasted strongly with the shadeless glare of the Kalahari, which had left an indelible impression on my memory. Though drenched day by day at this time, and for months afterwards, it was long before I could believe that we were getting too much of a good

thing. Nor could I look at water being thrown away, without a slight quick impression flitting across my mind that we were guilty of wasting it."

The Gallant Show.—"Shinte was most anxious to see the pictures of the magic lantern; but fever had so weakening an effect, and I had such violent action of the heart, with buzzing in the ears, that I could not go for several days; when I did go for the purpose, he had his principal men and the same crowd of court beauties near him as at the reception. The first picture exhibited was Abraham about to slaughter his son Isaac; it was shown as large as life, and the uplifted knife was in the act of striking the lad: the Balonda men remarked that the picture was much more like a god than the things of wood or clay they worshipped. I explained that this man was the first of a race to whom God had given the Bible we now held, and that among his children our Saviour appeared. The ladies listened with silent awe; but, when I moved the slide, the uplifted dagger moving towards them, they thought it was to be sheathed in their bodies instead of Isaac's. 'Mother! mother!' all shouted at once; and off they rushed helter-skelter, tumbling pell-mell over each other, and over the little idol-huts and tobacco bushes; we could not get one of them back again. Shinte, however, sat bravely through the whole, and afterwards examined the instrument with interest. An explanation was always added after each time of showing its powers, so that no one should imagine there was aught supernatural in it; and had Mr. Murray, who kindly brought it from England, seen its popularity among both Makololo and Balonda, he would have been gratified with the direction his generosity then took. It was the only mode of instruction I was ever pressed to repeat. The people came long distances for the express purpose of seeing the objects and hearing the explanations."

The Sea.—"As we were now drawing near to the sea, my [Makololo] companions were looking at every thing in a serious light. One of them asked me if we should all have an opportunity of watching each other at Loanda. 'Suppose one went for water, would the others see if he were kidnapped?' I replied, 'I see what you are driving at; and if you suspect me, you may return, for I am as ignorant of Loanda as you are: but nothing will happen to you but what happens to myself. We have stood by each other hitherto, and will do so to the last.' The plains adjacent to Loanda are somewhat elevated and comparatively sterile. On coming across these we first beheld the sea. My compan-

ions looked upon the boundless ocean with awe. On describing their feelings afterwards, they remarked that 'we marched along with our father, believing that what the ancients had always told us was true, that the world has no end; but all at once the world said to us, "I am finished; there is no more of me!"' They had always imagined that the world was one extended plain without limit."

The Makololo at Loanda.—"every one remarked the serious deportment of the Makololo. They viewed the large stone houses and churches in the vicinity of the great ocean with awe. A house with two stories was, until now, beyond their comprehension. In explanation of this strange thing, I had always been obliged to use the word for hut; and as huts are constructed by the poles being let into the earth, they never could comprehend how the poles of one hut could be founded upon the roof of another, or how men could live in the upper story, with the conical roof of the lower one in the middle. Some Makololo who had visited my little house at Kolobeng, in trying to describe it to their countrymen at Lynanti, said, 'It is not a hut; it is a mountain with several caves in it.'

"Commander Bedingfeld and Captain Skene invited them to visit their vessels, the *Pluto* and *Philomel*. Knowing their fears, I told them that no one need go if he entertained the least suspicion of foul play. Nearly the whole party went; and when on deck, I pointed to the sailors, and said, 'Now these are all my countrymen, sent by our Queen for the purpose of putting down the trade of those that buy and sell Black men.' They replied, 'Truly, they are just like you'; and all their fears seemed to vanish at once, for they went forward amongst the men, and the jolly tars, acting much as the Makololo would have done in similar circumstances, handed them a share of the bread and beef which they had for dinner. The commander allowed them to fire off a cannon; and having the most exalted ideas of its power, they were greatly pleased when I told them, 'That

is what they put down the slave trade with.' The size of the brig-of-war amazed them. 'It is not a canoe at all; it is a town.' The sailors' deck they named the 'Kotla'; and then, as a climax to their description of this great ark, added, 'and what sort of a town is it that you must climb up into with a rope?'

"The effect of the politeness of the officers and men on their minds was most beneficial. They had behaved with the greatest kindness to me all the way from Linyanti; and I now rose rapidly in their estimation, for whatever they may have surmised before, they now saw that I was respected among my own countrymen, and always afterwards treated me with the greatest deference."

By the advice of some judicious friends, Dr. Livingstone prefixes an autobiographical sketch to the narrative of his discoveries. This is not only interesting as another example of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, but as showing the manner in which the qualities necessary to an explorer were acquired. His father was a peasant of the Hebrides, who subsequently worked at Blantyre Works (a cotton manufactory); in which the future traveller was also employed as soon as his labor could be turned to account. A less advantageous position for study could not well be; but young Livingstone worked by day, and improved the "learning" acquired at a common school by night. As years and wages advanced, and the idea of becoming a "medical missionary" grew in his mind, the strange spectacle was seen of a youthful artisan supporting himself by the labor of his hands while he attended Glasgow University. When sufficiently qualified, he became attached to a missionary institution, and finally went out to the Cape; qualified beyond most men, as the result proved, for the toil and privations of an African career, by the labors and thrift of his previous life, and be it also said, by a most wonderful constitution.

SUMMARY REMOVAL OF A NATIVE NUISANCE.—"Should he find, on taking possession of his residence, that there exists any nuisances next to or in the immediate vicinity of his compound, such as a small hut on the ground adjoining, in the front or rear of the premises which he occupies, it will be perfectly useless for him to call the Sepoy, (policemen,) attempt to complain to the owner of the property or to

offer to rent the same. All his endeavors will prove abortive. The most effectual, safest, easiest, and most economical plan will be to purchase a small pig, price 5 rupees or 10s., have a hole made in the hut, either at the side or back, and send the unclean animal into the premises; at the appearance or sound of which the whole of the inmates will abandon it instantly."—*Bradshaw's Overland Guide to India.*

Part of an Article in The New Quarterly Review.
CARRUTHERS' "LIFE OF POPE."

MR CARLYLE showed the way by his charming studies of Burns, Heyne, Diderot, and others; and "Lives," more or less respectable, of eminent authors appear now, at no unreasonably long intervals. To these, the work before us by Mr. Carruthers—a gentleman whom we recently mentioned, in our article on Horace Walpole, as one of the best of those who are engaged in bringing into a new career of popularity the eighteenth-century-men, is a very welcome addition. He is an old student of our belles lettres, distinguished by a calm Scotch common-sense, which, refined by constant communion with letters, has issued, at last, as taste of a very pure order. His style is singularly easy and unpretending—plain but attractive, like the dress of a pretty Quaker—and the natural exponent, accordingly, of an impartial and yet kindly judgment. So much for the general character of his book, on the details of which we may have a word or two to say as we go along.

A good Life of Pope was wanted in our literature, and there will be revelations probably by-and-by, which will enable Mr. Carruthers to enrich the present one. About Pope himself there was a certain secretiveness and love of mystery, which made it difficult for those who knew him best to know his history fully. Accordingly, information handed down about him on what might justly be thought good authority, has turned out in modern times to be unsatisfactory. The first *desideratum* in a biographer, therefore, is *criticism*. This Mr. Carruthers possesses; and he has applied it to all the latest material, gathered by himself and others, with sharp industry. For Pope is, by this time, an object of *antiquarian* investigation—and when a man reaches that epoch, a great deal is grubbed out concerning him, which was unknown to the generation that came close on his heels. The facts, for instance, about Pope's father's position—his early life and education—his friends, the Blounts and Carylls—the literary history of his letters, &c.—are better known at this moment to Mr. Carruthers and the Popian critic of the "Athenæum," than they were—we do not say to Bowles or Dr. Johnson—but even to Warburton or Spence. And hence no biographies of him are necessary,

not only from the accumulation of matter, but because that matter is of a kind which helps us to understand his genius and character. *This*, of course, is the ultimate value of all biography, and justifies the minute labor which the vulgar are apt to deride as frivolous and misplaced. We thank Mr. Carruthers, then, for the amount of minute information in this book; and with the help of it, shall now proceed to discuss a few of the Popian questions, of most general interest, to which it has once more recalled our attention. And these shall, as becomes the occasion, be points biographic.

Was Alexander Pope, on the whole, of a fine and noble character? To this, we reply without hesitation—YES! Trickeries of his—littlenesses—meanesses (if we must use the word), are unquestionably parts of his life which nobody can wash away, and which (as antiquarian investigations proceed) come out more and more. In rubbing off the varnish from his portrait we see these spots more clearly than ever. And the *tricky* element in him—be it remarked—was not an occasional affair, for it pervaded his whole life, and exercised itself deliberately. But, then, Pope was not a *healthy* man, and a solitary boyhood, and a sedentary life, and the fact of his being a Papist in the day of Penal Laws, were all against his development, and tended to fix in a morbid egotism that queer, sensitive, intellectual nature, which at once took the noblest pleasure in Art, and the smallest possible pleasure in stratagem. A fine thin nature—leaping up naturally (like a tongue of flame) at the true and the good when in its best activity—is yet apt to be *little* in its more ordinary moments. Pope had small faults—as he had weak legs. But, then, he had a generous soul—as he had a fine intellect. It makes all the difference, whether a man is a great man with some blemishes, or only a bad man of extraordinary gifts. Now, not even Lord Macaulay (with all his zeal for the Whig Addison) would venture to say that Pope was a *bad man*. His natural tendency was to the sublime and to the beautiful—he had profound affections—he loved virtue—he valued friendship; there was a spontaneous admiration for what was fine about him from the first. These are *great* qualities—and, on the whole, it was these that inspired the leading actions of his life. There might be flaws in the stuff he was

made of, but the stuff itself was of a rare kind. Marble, with a bad vein or two, is a greater thing than the most wholesome whinstone.

One of the points of character most assailed in Pope has been his "vindictiveness." Macaulay is very severe upon his lampoons—the occasion being his famous quarrel with Addison. The great Blackstone himself (see the *Biographia Britannica*, art. Addison, note 10) wrote a paper on this quarrel to defend Addison's side, and it is an interesting subject undoubtedly.

Addison was a good man, and, what is more, was a good man on principle and from piety, as well as from mere richness of nature. There is so much amiability in his writings, that he has been as much loved by posterity as he was by his contemporaries. Then his reputation is of so respectable a character, that the world is willing to believe him altogether in the right as against the bitter little man, whose *penchant* for satire was as unquestionable as his unrivalled skill at it. But in this quarrel, as in all quarrels perhaps, there were ugly-looking things on both sides.

When Pope first began to be famous, Addison was already an established man. He was sixteen years Pope's senior; he had been for some years on the winning side in politics, and of the first rank in letters; and, as he could afford to be generous, so it was his duty also to encourage the merit of one who had attained such remarkable merit under circumstances so disadvantageous. Their acquaintance began, and continued for some time, very auspiciously. Pope addressed Addison with the respect due from a rising man to an established one. Addison praised Pope in the *Spectator* (Oct. 1712). Pope wrote the prologue to *Cato* for Addison (1713). But now came a hitch. When Dennis furiously assailed that tragedy, Pope came forward to revenge both Addison and himself on the old bruiser, and did so in the *Narrative of the Frenzy &c.*; this is not in his best manner—but they were not squeamish in those days, (unlike our present breed, who abuse each other only *in private*)—and there was nothing outrageous in publishing a somewhat coarse squib. Some years after, Mr. Addison himself did not think it beneath him to ridicule the poverty of the Pretender—for which he has been justly

rebuked by loyal old Johnson)—and why should he be so mightily hurt at Pope's handling Dennis roughly, sturdy Dennis, who had about as much delicacy as the Tipton Slasher? He wrote off, through Steele, to Dennis, *via* Lintot, repudiating Pope's pamphlet in aid of himself. It looked remarkably like propitiating an unscrupulous enemy at the expense of a friend. Mr. Carruthers observes well:

"Though not printed till sixteen years after it was written, Steele's letter would in all probability be shown to Pope by Lintot, and must have irritated and offended him in no small degree. He had only four months before contributed his prologue to Addison's *Cato*, he had enriched the *Spectator* with his poem of the Messiah, had assisted Steele by writing several papers in the *Guardian*, and now had employed his pen in reply to Dennis' criticism—a reply which must be characterized as friendly, whatever was the value of the performance. Under these circumstances, for Addison so officiously to disclaim all sympathy with the manner in which Pope treated Dennis, and to forget the obligation conferred on him so recently by the younger poet, in writing for his play the finest prologue in the language, implies ingratitude, or, at least, cold superciliousness, on the part of him whom 'all the world commended.' It was at once insulting Pope and affording Dennis a triumph at the expense of a man of genius, who had come forward, if not in defence of Addison, at least in ridicule of Addison's unfair and malignant critic."

Mr. Macaulay's abuse of the execution of this prose squib of Pope's, is *nilhil ad rem*. If it had been down to the level of the Reynoldses of our day, it was a thing done in the cause of Addison, by a man whose position by this time amply entitled him to decide on its propriety himself.

There was no immediate or visible coolness, however, as yet; they did each other public civilities, though rumors came to Pope that Addison's toadies at Button's were in the habit of abusing him. Now, Addison's greatest admirers do not deny that he had a little of that human weakness—found even in saints—which makes a man jealous of rivals, and apt to be spoiled by the flattery of his own clique. They drank hard at Button's—and in the geniality of wine their hearts would warm to each other; and the retainers of Addison's court could not be very lenient to the crooked little Papist who

could not take his liquor, and who set himself up on a level with the greatest name of the age. It is, indeed, a mark of a small mind, and generally of an upstart, to surround himself with inferior people habitually. But the second-rate men of Addison's set were of the stamp of the first-rate men of our time; gentlemen by birth, and education too, whose praise (unlike that of the common clumsy sycophants of to-day) was a match in its rich flavor for Lord Wharton's or Lord Halifax's Burgundy. And Pope was getting *too great*. The time was gone when he could be patronized with much appearance of kindness. He was becoming a power. Now, a man who is kind enough to help on a rising man, may not have the angelic kindness that fairly and frankly admits an equal in a risen one. There is a certain stage in a man's rise, just before he is attaining the highest platform, when his best friends, and his very kin, all but a few, are inclined to think that he has got enough. We appeal to the middle classes. Your cousin Tom is an exceedingly clever fellow; you hail his advance for his own sake, and it is not disagreeable to you, either, to share in the lustre of his fame. But when Tom stands for the county, the case becomes serious! *est modus, &c.*, you remark, and you have an uneasy consciousness what the county would have said if the candidate had been yourself—Jack!

Pope had exquisite sensitiveness, and of course he exaggerated every thing. We are as sure, as Mr. Carruthers is, that he was in error in attributing to Addison much of that with which he charges him in Spence. But we think that the odd-timed publication of the first book of the *Iliad* by Addison's friend and retainer Tickell, was a circumstance which, considering the relation of the men to each other, Pope could only be expected to view with *suspicion*. Indeed, not only Pope, but the whole of his friends and admirers, seem to have felt it as such:

"Contemporaneous with the first volume of Pope's Homer, in the same week, appeared Tickell's translation of the First Book of the *Iliad*. On the 10th of June, Lintot writes that he had delivered upwards of four hundred of the former to subscribers, and in the same letter he informs Pope that he has sent Tickell's book to divert an hour. 'It is already condemned here,' adds the 'lofty Lintot,' 'and the malice and juggle at Button's is the conversation of those who have spare moments from politics.'"

"Tickell, as Pope afterwards acknowledged, was 'a fair and worthy man.' It is to be regretted, however, that he ventured his translation at the precise time when Pope's was ready for delivery, as the simultaneous appearance of the two works inevitably led to the conclusion that rivalry was designed, and that Pope's hopes of a competence for life were placed in jeopardy. *One word from Addison would have made Tickell withhold his translation, but that word was not spoken.* He had not, indeed, urged a subscription for his friend's work, which, if opened in time, might have proved seriously injurious to Pope; but the publication of Tickell's volume, with the praises of Addison, echoed by all the Whigs at Button's betrayed indifference to Pope's interests and feelings, and might justly inspire a poet so sensitive with suspicion and resentment. Addison had thrice before, as Pope conceived, done him disservice. He had censured the 'strokes of ill-nature' in his *Essay on Criticism*; he had indirectly preferred Philips' Pastorals, and he had employed Steele to write a gratuitous and insulting letter, condemning the satire on Dennis. To these were now added his supposed connivance with Tickell in undermining that source from which all his hopes of fortune and independence were to be derived—that bold yet toilsome and anxious undertaking, which was to crown him with unfading laurels, or blight his rising and envied reputation.

The case is put very fairly (Mr. Carruthers is always moderate) in the above passages. Tickell seems never to have had a *bond fide* intention of translating Homer—while with Pope it was a matter of life or death; and it was a shabby thing for the set at Button's to throw out a book of the poem, just to break the force of the appearance of Pope's first volume; availing themselves, too, of the *éclat* of that appearance, and *using* Pope (should they happen to be successful) as a stepping-stone to rise by. It was a shabby thing, we say, and Addison permitted it. The result was the sketch of *ATTICUS*—perhaps the most perfect satire in the world. It is, however, to be remarked, to Addison's honor, that after their friendship was at an end forever, he should have praised Pope's *Iliad* in the *Freeholder* for May 1716. Addison's "last word" was a kind one to Pope. Pope polished and refined his satire on Addison, till it had attained perfection, and left it so for posterity. It was not in human nature to destroy such a piece of work; and it was right

that so exquisite a sketch of character should survive for our instruction.

It is our opinion, then, that in the Addison quarrel, Pope had *some* justification. In his general feuds he showed, however, a too continuous relish for controversy. A man capable of translating Homer, and writing the "Essay on Man," need not have kept up so prolonged a war with the dunces. He took a pleasure in it inconsistent with the dignity which belonged to his general mind and character. Again, his frequent references to his money, and the friends he had among lords, smacked of his city parentage, and were not in harmony with his description of himself.

When he professed to be indifferent to the world and careless about enmity, and yet altered (much spoiling) the *Dunciad* in order to take revenge for a pamphlet by Cibber, he surely laid himself open to a charge of cant and affectation. In short, the weaknesses of the little man are endless. When examined, they will be found to resolve themselves generally into egotism, and this egotism was closely connected with his bad health. A sick man is only too likely to be selfish, and Pope was so much thrown upon himself that he brooded over every little thing that concerned him till it attained quite ridiculous proportions. In a word—he was *morbid*. But he was a great man, too:—alive to every flash of the lofty and the generous from books, or life, and capable of embodying the impression they made in immortal language. Nay, he did some of his little things under the self-deceit that they were fine things. When he lashed some poor devil of a scribbler, he persuaded himself that it was a duty to truth, &c.—and did not remember that what he called duty many people could not help believing to be partly spite.

One of the most remarkable illustrations of Pope's character is the whole way in which he managed and prepared the publication of his correspondence. That it was a *trick* by which he first contrived that his letters should see the light at all—nobody, we presume, now affects to doubt. But it is gradually becoming clearer, that he *cooked* these letters for publication in an unparalleled manner. The *Athenæum* critic has done wonders (from MS. authority) in establishing this; and our present biographer shall tell us, briefly, the

facts. The pretended "surreptitious" edition of Curll was of course Pope's own:—

"But recently fresh evidence has transpired. It has been proved that Pope printed letters as addressed to his deceased contemporaries, Addison, Arbuthnot, and Trumbull, which were originally written to other parties; and that he altered, added, or omitted names, dates, and incidents, in order to serve purposes of his own. It has also been ascertained that although he had so early as 1729 deposited letters in Lord Oxford's library, he withdrew them in the spring of 1735—no doubt with a view to the publication by Curll. This dispels the last shadow of doubt and uncertainty. The 'surreptitious edition' was one of Pope's *poeticæ fraudes*, intended specially to benefit himself and to gratify his innate love of stratagem."

There was something rather southern than English in his passion for mystery, intrigue, and masquerade; but it harmonizes with the peculiar brilliance and subtlety of his mind. The exact degree of moral guilt involved in these mystifications of his we shall not venture to fix; but it is right to say that they were more practised to gratify his own vanity, than to injure any body else. It is painful to think that so wonderful a genius should have done what was little, but we cannot believe that he did what was base.

"Base," however, will have to be the word for one deed attributed to him, if future biographers do not repudiate more decidedly than Mr. Carruthers, the story that Pope took a bribe from the Duchess of Marlborough to suppress his satire on her—the character of "Atossa." So scrupulously anxious is Mr. Carruthers (in spite of that kindly feeling to Pope, which we confess to sharing with him), so anxious, we say, is he, to be utterly impartial, that he scarcely decides whether to believe this story or no. First, he tells us that

"Surely such an act is contrary to the tenor of the poet's life, if not of his moral character. It was his boast that he was 'unplaced, unpensioned, no man's heir or slave.' He had rejected offers of Treasury grants from Halifax and Craggs; he had even, as Warburton asserts, declined making use of a subscription for £1000 of South Sea stock which Craggs would have pressed upon him. To his noble friend Bathurst and others, he was a lender, not a borrower, and his annuities secured him against any heavy reverse of fortune."

But afterwards he wavers—and we have the following melancholy paragraph:—

"The poet may have become avaricious for another, if not for himself. There are indications of a love of money in his publication of the licentious version of Horace, 'Sober Advice,' and in the subscription edition of his Letters. The former was injurious to his fame, and the latter was not necessary towards it, as the cheap editions of the Letters were in every one's hands. But Pope was strongly and passionately desirous to see Martha Blount settled in easy and independent circumstances for life. Her mother had died at the beginning of this year (March 31, 1743), and he had agreed to purchase for her, at a cost of £315, the remainder of the lease of a house in Berkeley-row. He had some time before engaged Fortescue to procure an annuity for life for £1000, in behalf of a lady of their acquaintance, evidently Miss Blount. And thus we may conceive that the poet, blinded by affection and impelled by what seemed a generous and unselfish feeling, yielded to the temptation, and was ultimately induced, as Warton reports, by female persuasion, to accept of a 'favor' from the haughty Duchess, who would gladly have purchased his friendship or his silence at any price, and whose wealth was known to be almost boundless."

Now, that an offence like this stands by itself, apart from the style of Pope's ordinary faults, alien from his general character in matters of money, inconsistent with his known pride towards people of rank, is so perfectly well known to all who are really familiar with him, that the charge cannot be believed except on direct evidence. Of this there is none, except in the subjoined passage from a letter of Bolingbroke's to Marchmont:—

"Our friend Pope, it seems, corrected and prepared for the press, just before his death, an edition of the four epistles that follow the Essay on Man. They were then printed off, and are now ready for publication. I am sorry for it, because if he could be excused for writing the character of Atossa formerly, there is no excuse for his design of publishing it *after the favor you and I know*; and the character of Atossa is inserted. I have a copy of the book. Warburton has the property [or property] of it, as you know. Alter it he cannot by the terms of the will. Is it worth while to suppress the edition? or should her Grace's friends say (as they may from several strokes in it) that it was not intended for her character? and should she despise it? If you come over hither, we may talk better than write on the subject."

The "favor you and I know," however, by no means need be £1000 in hard cash, and there is absolutely no proof whatever that it was—barring a pencil-mark which Lord Marchmont's executor, Sir George Rose, put on the letter, and which Rose junior (who edited it) *thought* intended to assert that Marchmont himself told his father so. True stories require a clearer pedigree than this—where the affiliation is not established. That there was a *story* to the effect that Pope took the bribe (floating about among a hundred lies soon after Pope's death), is indeed true.—(See *Athenæum*, No. 1562.) And this explains the "*it is said*" of Warton—and of Horace Walpole, who would believe anything bad of a successful writer. But loose rumors about a dreaded satirist are probably as likely to be false as any *ana* one could name.*

Failing real *proof* then, was not Pope likely to be too proud to incur the shame, and not sufficiently in need to want the money? Would he absolutely (as we know he did) have "printed and distributed" copies of a book containing the satire, during the Duchess' life, if it had been in her power to put him to open shame? (*Athenæum*, *ubi sup.*) The thing is incredible. He was always vain, and he was sometimes weak; but he was never at any time a rogue and a fool! We are sorry that Mr. Carruthers did not follow, more decidedly, the instinct which told him that *this* accusation, at all events, was false. Mr. Peter Cunningham in his edition of Johnson's *Lives of the Poets* had, indeed, set him a bad example, by professing his faith in it on no better authority than that stated above.

Our readers may perhaps think that we have confined ourselves too exclusively to the shady side of the great writer's character. But the fact is, and facts ought always to be faced, that recent discoveries have thrown more light on this side than on the other; and that a critic's business is to deal with what is immediately pressing first, whether

* It is extraordinary, what serious effects are produced on reputations by wandering and *piquant* anecdotes, of which the mass of people never seek the original authority. The story about Congreve's telling Voltaire that he wanted to be visited as a "gentleman" (which has affected Congreve's whole reputation with posterity), is a case in point. There is no *authority* for it—as was shown for the first time in the Notes to Thackeray's Lectures.

he finds the task pleasant or no. It would have been more agreeable to admirers of Hope, like ourselves, to dwell on the sound tenderness of his filial relations—his genuine love of Swift and Bolingbroke, and Gay and Arbuthnot—his noble sense of the dignity of literature—his tender hankering after sweeter emotion in his life-long devotion to the fair-haired Martha Blount*—and such familiar topics. But we are entering on an epoch when his character is being—and is likely to be—more severely scrutinized than ever—and it is wise to be prepared for the worst. We have not failed to distinguish his greatness and his weaknesses. Weigh them in

* Mr. Blount of Mapledurham—the representative of that “right worshipful” old family in our day—has very kindly aided the labors of Mr. Carruthers in this edition. It is nearly four centuries since some of the Blounts were encouraging Erasmus.

the balance, then throw in his services to literature, and what will the position of the scales be?

This biography will form a most agreeable addition to the works produced by that revival of the Queen Anne reputations which we alluded to in our recent paper on Walpole. We believe that the revival will do good. Pope may still be studied as the most perfect master of didactic writing in verse that our literature can afford, and in studying the writer it is a great aid to know the man. There is no fear, now, of his ever again being over-rated in either capacity; the danger is rather the other way; and—extraordinary as it would have seemed a century since—it is now become necessary to recommend a due study and appreciation of Alexander Pope to the rising generation of Englishmen!

RUSSIAN CURE FOR IMPROVIDENCE. —

“There exists in slavery, and even in serfdom, a considerable abatement of the evils arising from improvidence on the part of the working classes. Among free laborers, go where you will, you find improvidence generally prevailing. In the East and in the West, in the temperate zone and in the tropics, as all authors agree, the laborer scarcely looks forward beyond the day. He marries without any secure prospects of a maintenance; he spends the whole of his gains when he first marries, without reflecting that in a few years he may have half-a-dozen additional mouths to fill; he makes no provision against old age and infirmity, and only some faint provision even against sickness. Now a slave cannot be improvident, because to him providence is impossible. He depends on his master; he knows that if he is sick he will be fed and doctored; that when he is old he will be decently maintained: he marries with the cheerful consent of his master, who regards children as a valuable property; and the greater the number of mouths to be fed, the more the maintenance that is willingly supplied him. Even under serfdom the same is true. A Russian nobleman cannot now sell his serfs from the land they inherit; he may sell the land with the serfs upon it; he can prevent the serfs from leaving his estate, and can compel them to cultivate the soil. His property is valuable very much according to the number of serfs he possesses, and therefore he has a strong interest in having them well treated and in securing their physical well-being. Under these restraints, a serf may be guilty of some improvidence and recklessness, yet he is not sufficiently his own master to do this with impunity. If any serf behaves in such a way as to be a scandal to his neighborhood, the seigneur selects him as a suitable man for a soldier, as well fitted to be food for powder. He is marched off, and his village sees him no more.” — *Sargant's Economy of the Laboring Classes.*

INDIAN LETTERS OF INTRODUCTION. —

“As in all probability the European will be furnished with several letters of introduction, it may be as well to warn him that upon the delivery of those credentials, (which should be sent on his arrival by a Sepoy belonging to the hotel or club at which he is staying, with his card and address in full,) the following morning he should make a personal call, such being the etiquette observable in India. He must not anticipate to be cordially received, or to have a ‘carte blanche’ given him to renew his visits whenever he may think proper or convenient; for an old resident in India, although most unbounded in his hospitality, must have some intimate knowledge of an individual—some insight into his habits, character, &c., ere he fraternizes with, or allows a Griffin (as a new comer in India is termed) ‘to put his legs under his mahogany’ whenever he likes. He will be received with marked and studied politeness, and then bowed out most courteously; and not until he has established himself, and becomes better known (either personally or by report) to the old Indian, must he look for anything beyond the polite bow or nod of recognition, and perhaps, as a mark of great condescension, an occasional invite. Still, should any unforeseen misfortune overtake him, then, upon making an application to him, (provided that his entire conduct has been fair and honorable,) the old Indian will relax his rigidity and interest himself most warmly and heartily in his behalf, and serve him to the very best of his ability and the uttermost of his power: but if, on the other hand, the Griffin has been guilty of any ‘faux pas,’ or has acted indiscreetly, he has nothing to expect at the hands of the resident. his letter of introduction will not then have the slightest weight with him. So that, in fact, these credentials are not of much value to any civilian or European on his entrance into Indian life.” — *Bradshaw's Overland Guide to India.*

From Chambers' Journal.

ANATOMY OF A LITERARY FORGERY.

ALTHOUGH, doubtless, all the world, or at least all the reading part of it, has heard of that most audacious of literary forgeries, *Vortigern, a Tragedy*, yet, as we suspect that very few even of the few who have seen it have ever read it, and that only a small minority of our readers generally is at all likely to be acquainted with its history, we purpose to avail ourselves of the recent acquisition of a copy of the rare reprint of 1832,* to supply—in many places in the forger's own words—such an account of the circumstances which led to the perpetration of the fraud as shall be wanting, we fully hope, neither in interest nor instruction.

Samuel Ireland the father of the unhappy lad whose career we are about to trace, was emphatically one of those madmen who make men mad—one of these idolaters who esteem the book above the life, and who, without an eye to see or a heart to understand wherein lies the greatness of him whom they adore, prefer some filthy, worm-eaten, useless relic of their deified mortal to the body of genius and wisdom, which is in the better testament of his works. Even such a divinity, according to the testimony of the son, was Shakespeare to Samuel Ireland. "Four days at least out of the seven" were his writings made the after-dinner theme of the old man's conversation; while in the evening, still further to impress the subject upon the minds of his son and his visitors, certain plays were selected, and a part allotted to each, in order that they might read aloud and—commune doubtless with the soul of their divinity, and extract the heart of the mystery? no—but in order that they might "thereby acquire a knowledge of the delivery of blank verse articulately and with proper emphasis!" "The comments to which these rehearsals, if I may be permitted so to call them, gave rise, were of a nature to elicit, in all its bearings, the enthusiasm entertained by my father for the bard of Avon. With him, Shakespeare was no mortal, but a divinity; and frequently while expatiating on this subject, impregnated with all the fervor of Garrick, with whom he had been on intimate terms, my father would de-

clare that to possess a single vestige of the poet's handwriting, would be esteemed a gem beyond all price, and far dearer to him than his whole collection." At these conversations, young Ireland was always present, "swallowing with avidity the honeyed poison; when, by way," he says, "of completing this infatuation, my father, who had already produced picturesque tours of some of the British rivers, determined on commencing that of the Avon, and I was selected as the companion of his journey. Of course," he adds, "no inquiries were spared either at Stratford or in the neighborhood, respecting the mighty poet. Every legendary tale, vended anecdote, or traditionary account was treasured up. In short, the name of Shakespeare ushered in the dawn, and a bumper, quaffed to his immortal memory at night, sealed our weary eyelids to repose."

Induced by the reiterated eulogies rung in his ears respecting Shakespeare, by his father's enthusiasm, and, above all, by the incessant remark on the old man's part, "that to possess even a signature of the bard would make him the happiest of human beings," it occurred to young Ireland to take advantage of his residence in a conveyancer's office, environed by old deeds, to produce a spurious imitation of Shakespeare's autograph. Having supplied himself with a tracing of the poet's signature, he wrote a mortgage-deed, imitating the law-hand of the time of James I., and affixed thereto Shakespeare's sign-manual. This mortgage deed purporting to be between Shakespeare and one Michael Fraser and Elizabeth his wife, not only transported the sage elder into the seventh heaven of felicity, but attracted crowds of other connoisseurs and antiquaries. To the question where the deed was found, Ireland the younger replied, that "he had formed an acquaintance with a gentleman of ancient family, possessed of a mass of deeds and papers relating to his ancestors, who finding him very partial to the examination of old documents, had permitted him to inspect them; that, shortly after commencing his search, the mortgage-deed in question had fallen into his hands, and had been presented to him by the proprietor." He added, "that the personage alluded to, well aware that the name of Shakespeare must create a considerable sensation, and being a very retiring and diffident man, had bound him by a solemn

* *The Shakespeare Forgeries. Vortigern, a Tragedy*. Reprinted from the edition of 1796, with an Introduction. By W. H. Ireland. London. 1832.

engagement never to divulge his name." Whereupon so completely had this young rogue's skill and plausibility produced the effect he wished—Mr. Byng, afterwards Viscount Torrington, Sir Frederick Eden, and many others, gave it as their decided opinion that, wheresoever he found the deed, there, no doubt, the mass of papers existed which had been so long and vainly sought after by the numerous commentators on Shakspeare!

Thus urged to make "further searches," as he modestly called them, the young scapegrace proceeded to pen a few letters and "The Profession of Faith of William Shakspeare,"* the whole of which passed muster, although, in many instances, the documents produced as two hundred years old had not been fabricated many hours previous to their production. On the pretended "Profession of Faith," particularly, Dr. Warton, after having twice perused the important document, pronounced a pompous eulogy in the presence of Dr. Parr: "Sir, we have many fine things in our church-service, and our liturgy abounds in beauties; but here, sir, is a man who has distanced us all!"

Well might the precocious lad be excited by these old ass-heads to more ambitious efforts! Anon, he announced the existence of

* It is curious enough that a somewhat similar fraud had, a quarter of a century before, been played off by Stevens upon Malone. Thomas Hart, a descendant of Shakspeare's sister, Joan, employed, in the year 1770, a bricklayer of the name of Mosely, to new-tile his house—the same house in Kenly Street, Stratford, bequeathed by the poet to his sister "for the term of her natural life at the yearly rent of twelve pence;" and here, between the rafters and the tiling, he discovered, or is said to have discovered, a manuscript of six leaves, purporting to be "The Confession of Faith of John Shakspear (the poet's father), an unworthy member of the holy Catholic religion." Mosely gave his prize to Mr. Peyton, an alderman of Stratford, who sent it to Malone, through the Rev. Mr. Davenport, as a curiosity of great importance. Malone was completely deceived. "I have taken some pains," he says in 1790, "to ascertain the authenticity of this document, and am perfectly satisfied that it is genuine." But the paper as we have said, was a fabrication, and a clumsy one—a trick of Stevens to mislead his rival editor. Malone, however, discovered his error at last. "I have since obtained documents," he says in a subsequent publication, "that clearly prove it could not have been the composition of any of our poet's family." Boswell quietly and judiciously dropped the document from his edition, treating it as a paper that had never existed. Malone himself was not guiltless of like unseemly frauds. The drawing of Shakspeare's house of New Place, which figures in his edition of 1790 as taken "from the margin of an ancient survey," is, by his own confession, a forgery.

a drama—the *Vortigern* we have already referred to—although, if he is to be believed, he had never essayed a pen at poetical composition, and had not at that time written a single line of the play which he purposed producing. Prior to its completion, the fame of his discoveries had resounded from one extremity of the country to the other; and on the completion of the drama, strenuous applications were made by the lessee of Covent Garden Theatre to secure it; but the elder Ireland, from his long intimacy with the Sheridan and Linley families, preferred Drury Lane, where the play was subsequently represented.

Malone, whose experience of deception had given him some caution, now stood forward as "generalissimo of the unbelievers." "Some pamphlets *pro* and *con* had also issued from the press, while the newspapers incessantly teemed with paragraphs written on the spur of the moment, and dictated by the particular sentiments entertained as to the papers by their authors. Malone having, in the interim, collected his mass of documents intended to prove the whole a forgery, committed them to the press, under a hope that he should be able to publish his volume before the representation of *Vortigern*. The bulkiness of his production, however, having defeated that object, he, the day the piece was to be performed, issued a notice, to the effect that he had a work on the eve of publication which would infallibly prove the manuscripts in Mr. Ireland's possession mere fabrications, and warning the people not to be imposed upon by the play advertised for that night's representation, as being from the pen of Shakspeare. "My father"—it is young Ireland who writes—"having procured a copy of this notice, though late in the day, instantly forwarded to the press the following handbill, and distributed an immense number amongst the assembled multitudes, then choking up every avenue to Drury Lane Theatre: "VORTIGERN. — A malevolent and impotent attack on the Shakspeare MSS. having appeared on the eve of representation of the play of *Vortigern*, evidently intended to injure the interests of the proprietor of the MSS., Mr. Ireland feels it impossible, within the short space of time that intervenes between the publishing and the representation, to produce

an answer to the most illiberal and unfounded assertions in Mr. Malone's *Inquiry*: he is therefore induced to request that the play of *Vortigern* may be heard with that candor that has ever distinguished a *British audience*."

John Philip Kemble, who was then stage-manager at Drury Lane, and had had the hero's part in the tragedy assigned to him, saw at a glance that such rubbish as composes *Vortigern* could never have emanated from the mind of Shakspeare, even in his baby-hood, and passed that sentence upon it which he felt the public ought, and did afterwards most effectually pronounce. He therefore did his best to procure its representation on the *first*, instead of the *second*, of April 1796, "in order to pass upon the audience the compliment of *fools all*." Foiled in this by the interposition of old Ireland and Mr. Sheridan, Kemble, however, so managed that the farce of *My Grandmother* should follow the tragedy, "intending that all the bearings of that production should be applied by the audience to the subject of the Shakspearian papers." He is also charged by the younger Ireland with having preconceived a signal when the opponents of the papers were to manifest their disapprobation. For this purpose, the following line in the fifth act was selected:

"And when this solemn mockery is o'er."

However this may be, no sooner had he arrived at this line, which he delivered in an exceedingly pointed manner, than "a deafening clamor reigned throughout one of the most crowded houses ever recollected in theatrical history, which lasted several minutes. Upon a hearing being at length obtained, instead of taking up the following line of the speech in rotation, Mr. Kemble reiterated the above line with an expression the most pointedly sarcastic and acrimonious it is possible to conceive. Added to this, the late Mr. Dignum was purposely placed by Mr. Kemble in a subordinate part where-

in, speaking of the sounding of trumpets, he had to exclaim: "*Let them bellow on!*" which words were uttered with such a nasal and tin-kettle twang, that no muscles save those of adamant [*sic*] could have resisted the powerful incentive to laughter."

So far the Irelands and their adherents were scotched but not slain. Malone's *Investigation* was at length published, and was answered by George Chalmers, first in his *Apology for the Believers*, and next in his *Supplemental Apology*, wherein he refuted, to young Ireland's satisfaction, every position laid down by Malone. After the avowal of the forgery, the author of *Vortigern* forwarded two very humble letters to Mr. Chalmers, who, maintaining a prudent silence, never answered them.

This avowal was made from a stroke of conscience. The forgery had been charged upon the elder Ireland instead of the younger. It was argued that the latter's youth—he was but nineteen—precluding all possibility of the papers being his, the whole must have been fabricated by his father, who had made the son the vehicle of introducing them to the public. It seems, however, that the former was a total stranger to every proceeding in the composition of the papers; and George Stephens, who had been also suspected of participation in the fraud, is stated by Ireland to have been equally innocent. Urged by the imperious motive of rescuing his father's character from unmerited obloquy, he came forward with the truth, having first abandoned the paternal roof, and relinquished a profession for which he was studying. "With the wide world before me," he says, "and a host of most implacable enemies at my back, ere my twentieth year, I entered upon the eventful pilgrimage of life, without a guide to direct my steps, or any means of existence save those which might result from my own industry and perseverance." Of his after career we know nothing.

ETIQUETTE IN AFRICA.—"We had an opportunity of observing that our guides had much more etiquette than any of the tribes further South. They gave us food, but would not partake of it when we had cooked it; nor would they eat their own food in our presence. When it was cooked they retired into a thicket, and ate their porridge; then all stood up and clapped their hands, and praised Intemese for it. The

Makololo, who are accustomed to the most free and easy manners, held out handfuls of what they had cooked to any of the Balounda near; but they refused to taste. They are very punctilious in their manners to each other. Each hut has its own fire, and when it goes out they make it afresh for themselves, rather than take it from a neighbor."—*Livingstone's Missionary Travels in South Africa*.

From The Athenæum.
CHARLES READE'S "CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE."

COPYRIGHT is a fine thing, and the "reserved right of reproduction and translation" is a protection which it is so pleasant to have lived to see wrung by Literature out of Law, that naturally enough men of letters are desirous to reconcile theory with practice.—Copyright, I assume, lies in a name on the title-page, and in the magical words printed betwixt brackets beneath. If I am wrong, I am a mere suckling of an author, am evidently wrong in good company; but I wish to be quite sure. To give you the example fresh in my mind.

Mr. C. Reade, as your readers well know, has lately published a small collection of small tales (duly protected on its title-page). The book is entitled, "The Course of True Love never did run smooth." That it should have been necessary for this English author to appeal to Law is a circumstance that will not surprise any one conversant with modern French drama. As the ancients stole nearly all their best things from the moderns, so the French dramatists of a dozen years ago appear to have stolen the good things of English authors of the present year. Mr. Reade is more than usually unlucky in having had his subjects laid hold of by other writers. How hard it is on him, for instance, that his tale of "Art" in this very volume, (which tale is a second edition of a small translated drama, played under two titles in two English theatres,) should have been thoughtlessly forestalled by a certain old "Tiridate" on the opposite side of the water! But "Art" is not the only article to be cared for. Mr. Reade has been much complimented on the grace and mastery and color shown in his "Clouds and Sunshine." If one is ever proud and jealous of one's offspring it is when they are appreciated and praised by others. What resentment then must Mr. Reade not feel against Madame Sand, who had the audacity, as your readers shall see, to use the whole of Mr. Reade's story—scenery, dialogue, and characters in a work of hers six years ago!

It was in the month of January, in the year 1851, that a play by Madame Sand (whether dramatized or not from one of her novels, let others say,) was produced at the Porte Saint-Martin Theatre in Paris. The play was

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called "Claudie," and the scene of the play was laid in Berri. A small paraphrase of it, called "The Village Tale," (reputed at the time to be by Mr. C. Reade,) was produced at Easter 1852 at "Punch's Playhouse," as duly noticed in your journal [*Athen.* No. 1277]. The paraphrase passed and made no sign. Against these pre-publications it has now become necessary to protect "Clouds and Sunshine," the third story in Mr. Reade's recent book,—since it is merely his "Village Tale" written over again. Oxfordshire, about two miles from the Thames, and on the skirts of the beech forest that lies between Wallingford and Henley," corresponds exactly with "La Métairie des Bossons" of the French drama. This is not all. Not merely has Madame Sand anticipated Mr. Reade's incidents one by one, but she has presented the very dialogue of his novelized drama with a literal hardihood which cannot be too distinctly exposed. Here, by way of proof, is a scene following the farmer's settlement with the reapers, where the old man and the girl (in Oxfordshire *Daddy Patrick* and *Rachael*, in Berri *Rémi* and *Claudie*) are paid as one for their joint labor. *Robert* is the young farmer in England, *Sylvain* in France.—

The English Tale.

A few minutes later Rachael came to the well, and began to draw a bucket of water. This well worked in the following manner: A chain and rope were passed over a cylinder, and two buckets were attached to the several ends of the rope, so that the empty bucket descending, helped in some slight degree the full bucket to mount. This cylinder was turned by an iron handle. The well was a hundred feet deep. Rachael drew the bucket up easily enough until the last thirty feet; and then she found it hard work. She had both hands on the iron handle, and was panting a little like a tender fawn, when a deep but gentle voice said in her ear, "Let go, Rachael;" and the handle was taken out of her hand by Robert Hathorn.—"Never mind me, Master Robert,"

The French Drama.

Scene VI.

CLAUDIE and SYLVAIN.
Claudie approaches the well to draw water; Sylvain has crossed to the right, taken his fork, and is going out, when he sees the pain that it gives Claudie to raise the bucket.
S. How you are still working, Claudie, instead of resting! Our women never tire themselves out; they don't reap. After a month's labor, 'tis to finish yourself up utterly.

C. (*Sorrowful, but calm, speaking in a sweet, but firm voice.*) Don't trouble yourself about me, Master Sylvain.

S. (*Laying by his fork, and going to the well, where he stops the bucket, and empties its contents into a pail, which is near the well.*) Excuse me, I do trouble myself about you; when a man's heart is in the right place there's

said Rachael, giving way reluctantly.—"Always at some hard work or other," said he: "you will not be easy till you kill yourself." And with this he whirled the handle round like lightning with one hand, and the bucket came up in a few moments. He then filled a pitcher for her, which she took up, and was about to go into the house with it. "Stay one minute, Rachael,"—"Yes, Master Robert."—"How old are you?" Robert blushed after he had put this question: but he was obliged to say something, and he did not well know how to begin.—"Twenty-two," was Rachael's answer.—"Don't go just yet. Is this your first year's reaping?"—"No, the third."—"You must be very poor, I am afraid."—"Very poor, indeed, Master Robert."—"Do you live far from here?"—"Don't you remember I told you I came twenty miles from here?"

—And so Madame Sand has had the assurance to go on scene after scene and page after page, as any one curious may satisfy himself by comparing Mr. Reade's Oxfordshire "Cloud" with her Berrichon "Claudie." Now, are we or are we *not* in a state of alliance betwixt England and France?—Are we, or are we not, to be protected against our piratical French predecessors?—that is what I want to know—that is my reason for writing to you—under the protection of laws more stringent than the laws of honor? Till these things can be answered—till these doubts can be set at rest,—till Madame Sand's "Claudie" be prohibited at home and abroad, what tale-teller will venture to publish? what publisher to buy?—I ask, having myself on hand a "Battle of Gentlewomen," the scene of which is laid in Hampshire during the Civil War; also a story of genteel Belgravian life, called "Half-and-half Fashionables," shall I not protect these stories against MM. Scribe and Dumas the younger, if I find that they have written something of the kind before? G.

From The Critic.

WE frankly confess that hitherto we have

no helping seeing your good will, and how hard you work.

* * * She does not hear me! She goes on as if she would not hear me! How old are you, Claudie?

C. Twenty-two.

S. And is this the first time you have been reaping in this way?

C. 'Tis the third year.

S. You must be in great want.

C. True enough.

* * * *

S. Do you live far from here?

C. More than six leagues off, I think.

admired Mr. Charles Reade: we have held him to be a powerful, and above all an original writer, a man not cut after the common pattern, but made after a fashion of his own, unique, artistic, with no commonplace outlines, no mild conventional prettinesses. Hitherto we have treated all accusation of plagiarism against him with scorn, as the idle invention of envious rivals. When we were told that "It is Never too Late to Mend" was only a blue-book turned into a novel, we replied, "Aye: but *how* splendid the transformation!" When we heard of "White Lies" being a double plagiarism from two French authors, we scouted the notion, and almost refused to hear evidence. Like Louis Quatorze, when he was told that Moliere stole his comedies, he said to his detractors, "Go you and steal as good." But we were wrong, deplorably in the wrong—alas, that it should be so! Mr. Charles Reade's delinquency has been proved in a manner to which not even his most earnest admirers can refuse assent.

We are bound to declare, after a careful comparison, that the tale "Clouds and Sunshine" is taken from the play "Claudie," not only as regards the incidents and characters, but even the very dialogues. The impudence of plagiarism can no farther go. The characters tally exactly.

CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE.

CLAUDIE. By George Sand.

By Mr. Charles Reade.

Corporal Patrick, "a soldier" who had "seen four-score years."

Rachel, his daughter, who is "twenty-two."

Farmer Hathorn.—"Farms Mrs. Mayfield's acres upon some friendly agreement."

Mrs. Hathorn, his wife.

Robert Hathorn, his son.

Richard Hickman, "a gay, dashing young fellow."

Rose Mayfield, "a young widow, fresh and free."

Remy, an old soldier and reaper—an octogenarian.

Claudie, his granddaughter, 21 years old.

Fauveau (farmer to Grande-Rose), a peasant in easy circumstances.

Mère Fauveau, his wife.

Sylvain, his son, 25 years old.

Denis Ronciat, a dandified peasant, 30 years old.

La Grande Rose, a rich countrywoman, proprietor of the farm, a fine woman, 25 to 30 years old.

So much for the characters: the resemblance is certainly very startling; but still more so that between the incidents of the story and the dialogue introduced. In addition to the specimen given by the *Athenæum* we give the following:

CHARLES READE.

"Let me see," said Hathorn, "What are you to have?"

"Count yourself," replied Patrick; "you know what you give the others."

"What I give the others! but you can't have done the work."

"Not of two; no, we don't ask the wages of two."

"Of course you don't."

"Where's the dispute," said the old soldier, angrily; "here are two that ask the wages of one; is that hard upon you?"

"There is no dispute, old man," said Robert steadily. "Father, twenty-five times five shillings is six pound five; that is what you owe them."

Those who have read "Clouds and Sunshine" will remember the natural simplicity of the meeting between Rachel and her seducer Hickman. No tragedy-queen acting, but quiet, simple, suppressed pain. Well, let them judge to whom that is due.

CHARLES READE.

(Hickman.) . . . "because I could assist you now may be."

"And what right have you to assist me now?"

(Hickman.) "To provide for him."

"For whom?" cried Rachel wildly, "WHEN HE IS DEAD!"

"Dead?"

"Dead!"

"Don't say so, Rachel; don't say so."

"He is dead!"

But Mr. Reade is occasionally more ingenious than this in making use of Madame Dudevant's hints. There is the scene where Robert Hathorn attempts suicide by throwing himself under the waggon-wheels. In *Claudia* this is related and not represented; but Mr. Reade, in putting it in action, follows the narrative with wonderful accuracy.

GEORGE SAND.

Fauveau. . . . And what do you ask for that?

Remy. Count yourself; you know well what you give the others.

Fauveau. What I give the others; ay! but you two have not done the work of—

Remy. The work of two; therefore we don't ask you to pay us as two.

Fauveau. Diache! I suppose you don't ask that.

Remy (animated). Well! What then! Where do you seek a dispute? Here are we two who ask you the pay of one, and do you find that unjust?

Sylvain. No. There's no dispute. Twenty-five times fifty sous make exactly sixty-two francs and sixty centimes. . . .

GEORGE SAND.

Denis. I can assist you.

Claudia (proudly.) Where did you get the right to assist me, Denis Rogiat?

Denis. . . . how much do you want for—

Claudia. For whom?

Denis. For—

Claudia. For whom?

"Dead?"

Denis. Dead!

CHARLES READE.

Robert came out and went to Rachel's side of the waggon, but she turned her head away.

"Won't you speak to me, Rachel?" said Robert. Rachel turned her head away and was silent.

"Very well," said Robert quietly, very quietly.

"Go on!" cried old Hathorn.

The next moment there was a fearful scream among the women, and Robert was seen down among the horses' feet, and the carter was forcing them back. . . .

(*Mrs. Hathorn.*) "What did Thomas say who dragged him up from the horses' feet?"

"I don't know," said old Hathorn, half sulkily, half trembling.

"He said, 'That is flying in the face of Heaven, young master.'"

What did Rose Mayfield say, as she passed him next minute? "Would you kill your mother, Robert, and break all our hearts?"

You cried out "Go on, go on!"

Robert said his foot had slipped, and made as though he would smile at me. Ah! what a smile, John! If you had been as near it as I was, you wouldn't sleep this night."

Having thus stated the case as it stands against Mr. Reade, whilst we admit that his conduct is all the more inexcusable because he is too wealthy a man (in a mental point of view) to need such expedients, it should in fairness be remembered that these tales were written some years ago, before Mr. Reade had attained the reputation which he now enjoys. It is possible that, if he himself had been consulted, he would have approved of neither the issue of the volume nor the hyperbolical strain in which it was announced, and when we remember that a serious difference of opinion has lately occurred between him and the publisher, even to the extent of appealing to the Court of Chancery for a remedy, we must say that the whole affair looks very much like vengeance on the part of the latter.

GEORGE SAND.

Mère Fauveau.— . . . When he called to Claudia for the last time, and she would not even turn her head towards him, he said, "Very well!" and he threw himself under the waggon that he might be crushed. Ask Thomas what he said when he lifted him up in spite of himself—

"What are you doing there, master? Will you displease the good God?" Ask Madame Rose, who said to him: "What are you doing there, Sylvain? Do you wish to kill your mother?" You called out to Thomas "Go on—go on!" Sylvain said that his foot slipped as he turned round, and made as if he would smile at me. Ah! what a smile, husband! If you had seen it, as I saw it, you would not sleep this night.

• From Punch.

THE DEMONS OF PIMLICO.

EDWIN is a *Young Bard*, who has taken a lodging in a quiet Street in Belgravia, that he may write his *Oxford Prize Poem*. The Interlocutors are Demons of both Sexes.

Edwin (composing). Where the bright fountain, sparkling never ceases

Its gush of liquid music

Female Demon. "Wa—ter—creee—ses!"

Edwin. Where splashing on the marble floor it tinkles

In silver cadence,

Male Demon. "Buy my perriwinkles!"

Edwin. Where the sad Oread oft retires to weep

Her long lost love, her unforgiving

Black Demon. "Sweep!"

Edwin. And tears that comfort not must ever flow

At thoughts of every joy departed,

Demon from Palestine. "Clo."

Edwin. There let me linger, stretched beneath the trees,

Tracing in air fantastic

Italian Demon. "Images!"

Edwin. And weave long grasses into lovers' knots,

And wish the spell had power to silence

Demon in Apron. "Pots!"

Edwin. What varied dreams the vagrant fancy hatches,

A playful Leda with her Jove born

Ragged Old Demon. "Matches!"

Edwin. She opes her treasure cells, like

Portia's caskets,

And bids me choose her

Demon with Cart. "Baskets, any baskets!"

Edwin. Spangles the air with thousand-colored silks,

That float like clouds in dying sunset

Old Demon. "Whilks!"

Edwin. Garments of which the fairies might make habits,

When Oberon holds his court and

Lame Demon. "Ostend rabbits!"

Edwin. Visions like those the Interpreter, of Bunyan's,

Displayed to Mercy and young Matthew

Demon with a Stick. "Onions!"

Edwin. And prompted glowing utterances, to their's kin

Who sang, when Earth was younger,

Dirty Demon. "Hareskin! hareskin!"

Edwin. In thoughts so bright the aching sense they blind,

In their own lustrous langor

Demon with Wheel. "Knives to grind!"

Edwin. Though gone, the Deities that long ago

Haunted Arcadia's perfumed meads

Grim Demon. "Dust-Ho!"

Edwin. Though, from her radiant bow no Iris settles,

Like some bright butterfly to

Swarthy Demon. "Mend your kettles!"

Edwin. Though sad and silent is the ancient seat,

Where the Olympians raised their proud

Demon with Skewers. "Cat's me-e-et!"

Edwin. There is a spell that none can chase away,

From scenes once visited by

Demon with Organ. "Poor Dog Tray."

Edwin. There is a charm whose power must ever blend

The past and present in its

Demon with rushes. "Chairs to mend!"

Edwin. And still unbanished falters on the ear,

The Dryad's voice of music

Demon with Can. "Any Beer!"

Edwin. Still Pan and Syrinx wander through the groves,

Still Zephyr murmurs

She Demon. "Shavings for your stores!"

Edwin. The spot, God visited, is sacred

ground,

And echo answers

Second Demon with Organ. "Bobbing all around."

Edwin. Ay, and for ever, while this planet rolls,

To its sphere music

Demon with Fish. "Mackerel or Soles!"

Edwin. While crushed Enceladus in torment groans

Beneath his Etna, shrieking

Little Demon. "Stones, hearthstones!"

Edwin. While laves the tideless sea the glittering strand

Of Grecia

Third Demon with Organ. "O, 'tis hard to give the hand."

Edwin. While as the cygnet nobly walks the water,

So moves on earth the fair

Fourth Demon with Organ. "Ratcatcher's Daughter."

Edwin. And the Acropolis reveals to man

Thy stately loveliness

Fifth Demon with Organ. "My Mary Ann."

Edwin. So long the Presence, yes, the Mens Divina,

That once inspired both

Sixth Demon with Organ. "Vilikins and Dinah."

Edwin. Shall breathe o'er every land where-so'er the eye shoots

Or ocean plays

Six dirty German Demons with Brass } "The Overture to Freischütz."

(Edwin goes mad.)

From Chambers' Journal.

THE LOST ENVOY.

On the afternoon of Saturday, the 25th of November 1809, two travellers, accompanied by a servant, arrived at the post-house of Perleberg, in Upper Saxony, *en route* from Berlin to Hamburg, and immediately ordered horses. They travelled with Prussian passports, but under fictitious names. Of the elder of the two, little, unfortunately, is known; but that little is so full of sinister significance, that I am persuaded I am doing him no injustice in branding him as an agent of the French police. He will be known to us throughout this paper as the Merchant Krüger. His companion was an Englishman of the name of Bathurst a son of the then Bishop of Norwich, returning from a secret diplomatic mission to the court of Vienna. Mr. Bathurst seemed to be laboring under some terrible apprehensions. Throughout the journey, all his actions had been marked by an air of indecision, which to the several post-masters seemed unaccountable. At Perleberg, the horses which he had ordered on his arrival were countermanded before they were harnessed. Not feeling himself safe, as he said, in the post-house, he went, about five o'clock in the afternoon, to Captain Klitzing, the Prussian governor of the town, and begged for a safeguard, which at seven in the evening he dismissed. During some hours, he was engaged at his desk in a small room of the house, and was seen to burn a number of papers which he took from his portfolio. On another occasion he was observed in the kitchen standing before the fire, playing with his watch, and counting his money in the presence of a crowd of postillions, hostlers, and tapsters. At length, about nine o'clock in the evening, the horses were again ordered to be in readiness; but when the post-master went to announce the packing of the carriage, Mr. Bathurst had disappeared. From that hour to this, his fate has remained shrouded in impenetrable mystery.

In England, in the meantime, his return had been anxiously expected by the cabinet and his relations. "We knew," says his sister, "the dangers to which he was exposed on his journey, surrounded as he was by enemies on all sides; while the impossibility of any intelligence being received of him by letter rendered us doubly anxious and un-

certain. Day after day passed, and no tidings of him arrived. It was concluded, that he had taken a circuitous route, and travelled incognito to avoid falling into the hands of the French. Weeks, however, elapsed, and we still heard nothing of the missing one. The agonising suspense of his wife and relations it would be difficult to describe. I perfectly well remember that every knock at the street-door caused the liveliest emotions arising from the hope that it might be our much-loved brother. At length, one evening in December, my father received an express from Lord Wellesley, requesting his immediate attendance at Apsley House, his lordship having something of importance to communicate. On my father's return, we were all alarmed at his pale and dejected aspect. He informed us that government had received intelligence of the sudden and mysterious disappearance of my brother at Perleberg, a small town on the route from Vienna, where he had stopped for rest and refreshment."*

A reward of £1000 was immediately offered by the British government, and another of equal amount by the relatives of the missing envoy, for any authentic information as to his fate; and his wife prepared in person to set out in search of him, as soon as the Baltic ports should be free from ice. In the spring of 1810, accordingly, she proceeded to Stockholm, whence, under the protection of Swedish passports, she entered Prussia through Pomerania, and reached Berlin in safety. At Berlin she found, to her astonishment, a safe-conduct awaiting her from the emperor Napoleon, and, armed with it, she at once proceeded to Perleberg. I entreat the reader to bear this circumstance in mind, as I shall have occasion to refer to it in the sequel.

At Perleberg, Mrs. Bathurst's inquiries were met by statements so conflicting as to impede rather than to facilitate her search. Whether her husband was dead or was still alive; whether, if dead, he had fallen by his own hand, or had perished beneath the knife of some ruffian marauder or political assassin; and whether, if alive, he had been the victim of violent abduction, or had voluntarily absconded, were questions which she found herself unable to solve, and which no

* *Memoirs and Correspondence of Dr. H. Bathurst, Lord Bishop of Norwich.* By his Daughter. London. 1853.

astuteness has yet been found equal to free from obscurity and confusion. It appeared that, immediately on Mr. Bathurst's disappearance, his servant had waited on the governor, and apprised him of the circumstance. Klitzing, who was preparing for a ball which was to be held that evening in the Crown Hotel, immediately sent for the civic authorities, and desired them to make all possible inquiries into the case. No lack of zeal can be charged against these gentlemen. They at once arrested Krüger and the servant, and placed them under the guard of a troop of cuirassiers. They took possession of all Mr. Bathurst's property, with the exception of a rich fur-cloak which was missing. They sent scouts into the town and into the neighboring country; but when on Sunday morning they waited on the governor, it was found that all their researches had been in vain. Not a trace of the missing man had been discovered.

And now it was that the first suspicious circumstance connected with the conduct of Klitzing occurred. After charging the magistrates to prosecute their inquiries with the utmost ardor, and especially to do their best to probe the mystery of the missing cloak, he announced his intention of going into the country for a few hours. But his return was deferred till Monday evening, when he explained his lengthened absence by saying that he had been at Berlin for the purpose of obtaining instructions. In the interim, the magistrates had been indefatigable. It was necessary to obtain a clue to the identification of the abstracted cloak, which none of them had seen, and for this purpose Mr. Bathurst's servant was sent for. His deposition was taken down in writing, and, on the governor's return was laid before him. Klitzing's character had always stood high; but his behavior on this occasion looks suspiciously like an attempt to stifle all inquiries that might lead to unpleasant disclosures affecting his government or its task-masters, the French police. He threw the servant's deposition into the fire; he stormed at the magistrates, accused them of arbitrary practices and of investing the case with an undue importance, and threatened to report their conduct to the authorities in Berlin. A feud, which lasted for many weeks, and effectually prevented a proper sifting of the whole affair, was the consequence of this im-

peachment. Krüger and the servant of the lost envoy succeeded in evading their guards; and the first intimation which the Perleberg authorities received of the former's whereabouts was when, nearly three weeks after Mr. Bathurst's disappearance, the burgomaster saw in a Berlin paper a notification that an unknown person, calling himself the merchant Krüger, had arrived in that city from Perleberg. Immediate inquiries were made respecting him, of the police of the capital; an exhibition of official zeal for which the police minister expressed his thanks, at the same time courteously assuring his correspondents that it was unnecessary for them to trouble themselves further in the matter, that "all was right," and that the pretended merchant Kruger was the companion of the missing envoy. Of the unfortunate man's servant, no trace could be discovered; but it transpired that Mr. Bathurst had been warned by a friend in Berlin to beware of his attendant, and that his suspicions of treachery had been strengthened by finding in the man's possession a bill for £.500, of which he could give no good account.

The Perleberg authorities were now completely at fault. Every document which might have served to aid their councils was studiously withheld from them by the governor. Suddenly, however, it was announced that a certain hostler of the name of Schmidt, who had been in the kitchen of the post-house when Mr. Bathurst so imprudently exhibited his purse and watch, had absconded, and that the missing cloak had been found in the possession of his family. Schmidt himself was never afterwards heard of; but his wife and son, both of whom were persons of notoriously bad character, were brought before the magistrates, and, after a rigid examination, which elicited nothing, beyond a bare suspicion, to implicate either of them in the murder or abduction of the unfortunate traveller, were each sentenced to eight weeks' imprisonment for concealment of the stolen property.

But the doom of the vanished man remained as mysterious as ever. A reward of ten thalers had, at the instigation of Klitzing, been offered to any one who should bring him to the magistracy either dead or alive. The river Steppenitz was drained of its waters during two days, while search was made along its bed; every barn, hedge,

ditch, and wood, for miles around the town, was ransacked for many days with hounds, sticks, nets, and other instruments, but without success. The town itself, and the gardens which surround it, were similarly rummaged. The disreputable resorts frequented by the younger Schmidt, every cellar and loft attached to the taverns wherein it could be ascertained he had been drinking or dancing, the post-house, and the cellar of the town-hall, which was used as a taproom, were especially scrutinised; but all research was fruitless. The magistrates were in despair, and reluctantly resolved to abandon the search, when, precisely six weeks after the envoy's disappearance, his pantaloons were found, perforated by two shot-holes, on the border of a fir-wood near the town.

They were discovered by a woman of the name of Weide, who, in company with the wife of a shoemaker, had gone to the forest for the ostensible purpose of gathering brush-wood. They were found stretched at length upon the ground, and turned inside out; but, although saturated with the rain which had fallen in torrents during many weeks, a few lines, in the handwriting of the missing man, which were discovered, scribbled on a scrap of paper, in one of the pockets, were still easily decipherable. But, as the pantaloons could not have been exposed to such a deluge for many hours, without the waters obliterating the writing, and reducing the paper itself to pulp, the conclusion is a fair one that they had been thus ostentatiously laid out for the purpose of strengthening the impression that their wearer had been murdered and stripped by the hostler Schmidt. The note in the missing man's handwriting was addressed to his wife, and was safely conveyed to her. It had evidently been written in great haste, and in terrible perturbation. It set forth the dangers to which the writer was exposed from his enemies; expressed great fears that he should never reach England, and inveighed bitterly against the Russians and the Count d'Entraignes,* by whom he said, his ruin had been brought about. Weide and the shoemaker's wife, on their discovery being communicated to the magis-

trates, underwent a rigorous examination; the fir-wood was once more thoroughly searched, and the surrounding country scoured for miles; but no further trace of the missing man could be discovered. The women were liberated and rewarded; the peasants were presented with ten quarts of brandy, and a cask of beer; and Captain Klitzing and the magistrates of Perleberg sat down to report to their superiors in Berlin at once their discovery and their despair.

Such was the intelligence which awaited the arrival of Mrs. Bathurst at Perleberg, and which she communicated to her friends in England. The impression which it left upon her own mind, and the universal impression of the public mind at home, was, that her husband had been forcibly abducted by the agents of the French government, who then swarmed in every city and town of the continent; and that Klitzing, Kruger, and the servant of the luckless envoy, had been accessories to the deed. That Napoleon was not troubled with any over-scrupulosity in such matters, when state purposes could be subserved by the seizure of important papers, is well known; but, in justice to Klitzing, it can only be supposed that he consented to take part in the dark transaction under the debasing influence of the terror inspired and universally felt throughout Prussia by the French occupation. Two incidents, to one of which I have already referred, deepened the impression created by the Perleberg revelation into something approaching to conviction. When on the eve of starting for the continent, Mrs. Bathurst had written to the French emperor for passports to guarantee her unmolested freedom in prosecuting her travels and inquiries. Fearing his refusal, she had set out, as we have seen, by way of Sweden, her change of purpose being kept a profound secret from all save her immediate relations and the British cabinet. Napoleon, however, had received—probably from D'Entraignes—such accurate intelligence of her intended movements, that, as I have already stated, she found, on her arrival in Berlin, passports, under his own hand, awaiting her at the French ambassador's. The other incident indicates still more clearly the agency employed in perpetrating the crime, and the end to which the victim came. While the search after Mr. Bathurst was still hot, the governor

* A French spy, then resident in London. A few months after Mr. Bathurst's disappearance, D'Entraignes was assassinated by his Italian servant, at the instigation, as is supposed, of the French government, some of whose secrets the count had betrayed, or imprudently permitted to escape him.

of Magdeburg, distant about fifty miles from Perleberg, assured a lady one night in the ball-room that the English ambassador was confined in the neighboring fortress. Hearing of the fact during her continental explorations, the agonized wife repaired to Magdeburg, waited upon the governor, and implored him to tell her the truth. He at once admitted having made the statement referred to, but assured Mrs. Bathurst that he had made it by mistake, and that the prisoner in question was one Louis Fritz, a spy of Mr. Canning's. Mrs. Bathurst begged earnestly to see the man; but Fritz, she was told, had been sent some time before into Spain. On inquiring at the Foreign Office after her return to England, Mrs. Bathurst found that no such person as Fritz had ever been employed by the British government. The probability is, therefore, great, that Mr. Bathurst perished, a victim to the odious policy of Napoleon, in the fortress of Magdeburg.

It cannot be denied, however, that this hypothesis does not wholly harmonize with circumstances which, whether true or false, were at least at the time very generally reported. It is certain that in one of his last letters to his wife, Mr. Bathurst had expressed his intention of returning to Colberg and Stockholm; and a story is still told by the peasantry of Schwerin, how, at a late hour on that fatal night, a stranger called at the house of a consul in the neighborhood of Wismar on the coast of Mecklenburg, and requested an interview with him. The man, however, being absent, the servant asked what name she should mention. The answer given in German, with a foreign accent, was: "Never mind that;" but she was desired to say that an English gentleman wished to see her master at the post-house at an early hour on the following morning. When the consul called as directed, however, he found that his midnight visitor had departed, leaving no message. In the course of the day, the wrecks of two boats which had foundered at sea, were washed ashore; and in one of these, it is supposed, the stranger had embarked. But if this stranger were indeed Mr. Bathurst, how are we to account for the subsequent discovery of his trousers in the neighborhood of Perleberg?

The only other hypothesis which seems to demand examination, is that which ascribes to the hostler Schmidt and his son Auguste

the murder of the missing man. That the younger Schmidt had been much in contact with Mr. Bathurst throughout the afternoon of the 25th of November, is beyond a doubt; and, if we could rely upon its authenticity, a story told by a lady, now the wife of a physician at Perleberg, but who was, at the time of Mr. Bathurst's disappearance connected with the household in which Captain Klitzing lodged, would go far to fix the crime upon the fugitive hostler and his profligate son. About five o'clock in the afternoon of the day of the disappearance, a stranger, whom the girl understood afterwards to be Mr. Bathurst called at the house, and requested to see the governor. The reader is already aware that this was for the purpose of soliciting a safeguard at the post-house. Mr. Bathurst was evidently laboring under great mental agitation, and, whether from cold or fear, shivered from head to foot. At the request of Klitzing, the girl made the visitor some tea, which revived him greatly. While drinking it, he spoke wildly of the dangers which had threatened him along the whole route from Vienna and said that he must be quickly off if he would reach the coast in safety. After pressing upon the girl some money, which, however, she refused, the stranger took his leave; but upon going to the window to look after him, she was surprised to see him walking rapidly in a direction quite opposite to that which led to the post-house. Shortly afterwards, the younger Schmidt called in quest of him, and on being informed of the route he had taken, followed fast upon his footsteps. In a few hours afterwards, the town was in a commotion at the stranger's disappearance. Such was the story told by the Perleberg physician's wife to the sister of Mrs. Bathurst in 1852; but "she spoke," as that lady remarked, "in so hurried and excited a manner, that it appeared like a tale told by rote, and made up according to directions at the time." It is further to be observed that if the lady meant to imply that Mr. Bathurst was overtaken at this time, and immediately hustled away by Schmidt, the story is inconsistent with the fact of the former having at nine o'clock in the evening ordered his carriage to be in readiness and his bill at the post-house to be made out.

The fact, moreover, is, that Auguste Schmidt was, about six months after Mr. Bathurst's disappearance, actually arrested at the in-

stance of his family, and tried for the murder; but the case completely broke down. Another attempt to bring the crime home to him was made through the instrumentality of an abandoned woman, of the name of Hacker, whose house was much frequented by Schmidt, and lay in the direction said to have been pursued by the missing man after leaving Klitzing. Hacker stated that at the time of the occurrence, a party of French soldiers was billeted upon her, and that they

in conjunction with Schmidt, who had lured Mr. Bathurst to the house, committed the murder. The body, she added, had been carried to a distant part of the coast, and buried in the sand, upon which all traces of disturbance must have been speedily obliterated. But the woman afterwards confessed that the story had been a pure fabrication, and that she was utterly ignorant of the fate which had befallen the Lost Envoy.

CRIMEAN TOMBS.*—Under the ambiguous title of "The Last of the Brave," two gallant officers have performed the reverent and acceptable service of giving, in the form both of pictorial representation and of verbal transcript, a complete register of all the tombs and graveyards of our perished soldiers of the Crimean campaign. The list includes the privates of the Army and seamen of the Naval Brigade no less than the Field-Marshal Commander-in-Chief; and is faithful even to the humble devices on the tombs, and the mistakes in spelling.

Soldierlike, the compilers have done their work, and say little of the manner in which it was done; the volume consisting wholly of a copy of the inscriptions, lithographic views of the cemeteries, a few hearty words of introduction, and some statistical details of the strength of the British Army, the numbers killed, and the like. We are left to infer that Captains Colborne and Brine themselves sketched the places and copied the inscriptions; and that the illustrations, carefully lithographed, have been executed from original designs so supplied—if not possibly from photographs. The most common material of the tombs is the ordinary stone of the country, dazzlingly white, and durable though soft: the masons were mostly the Royal Engineers.

The inscriptions are generally of the simplest kind; sometimes no more than the name, and date of death; often with such additions as "Died from his wounds received at the Redan," or "Erected by his Comrades, as a token of their esteem." Lord Raglan's monument itself carries this simplicity to the extremest point—being merely a flat tombstone, inscribed "To the Memory of Field-Marshal Lord Raglan, G.C.B., Commander-in-chief of the British Army in the Crimea; died 28th June 1855." Several, including General Cathcart's, have Russian inscriptions (of which no interpretation

is given). A woman or a priest here and there, a few Sardinians, Mr. Stowe, the administrator of the *Times* Fund, vary at rare intervals the records of officers, soldiers, and seamen. One of the most touching mottoes in its simplicity, and doubtless in its truth, is "She hath done what she could" to the grave of "Sophia Walford, Matron, Barrack Hospital, Scutari." From the verse-mottoes the following may be selected as among the more characteristic.

"Though boisterous winds, and Neptune's waves,

Have tossed us to and fro,

In spite of both, by God's decree,

We harbor here below:

And at an anchor here we ride,

With many of the fleet,

In hopes again for to set sail,

Our Redeemer Christ to meet."

(*To Quartermaster Burrell, of the Leander.*)

"Plant, plant wild flowers around their bed,

Your brothers numbering with the dead;

A sacred duty 'tis you owe

To all mankind—to friend, to foe.

Gather, gather from yon dell,

The snowdrops, crocus, and blue-bell:

Unsparring strew them o'er each grave;

The dead but marks the truly brave."

(*To Men of the Land Transport Corps.*)

"Here lies an old soldier whom all must applaud:

He fought many battles both at home and abroad;

But the fiercest engagement he ever was in

Was the battle of self in the conquest of sin."

(*To a Private of Marines.*)

"Unis pour la victoire,

Du soldat c'est la gloire:

Réunis par la mort,

Des braves c'est le sort."

(*At the Malakoff.*)

In artistic decoration, we find nothing more elaborate than a cross, an obelisk, or a broken column.

The Statistics show a total of 2755 killed in the Army, and 124 in the Naval Brigade.

* *The Last of the Brave*; or the resting-places of our Fallen Heroes in the Crimea and at Scutari. By Captains the Honorable John Colborne, 60th Royal Rifles, late 77th Regiment, and Frederick Brine, Royal Engineers. Published by Ackermann and Co.

From The Athenaeum.

Recollections of a Lifetime; or, Men and Things I have seen: in a Series of Familiar Letters to a Friend, Historical, Biographical, Anecdotal, and Descriptive. By S. G. Goodrich. 2 vols. (New York, Miller & Co.; London, Low & Co.)

SIXTY-FOUR years to an American are something like one hundred and sixty years to any memorialist belonging to the old country, so far as the amount of changes with which man's memory can be stored is represented. Mr. Goodrich, at all events, has seen far more than he knows how to describe. It is curious to find a man so pleasant in his style as our author was when writing as "Peter Parley" for children, so prosy, and diffuse, and sapless as he is when dealing with the varied topics which fill these two heavy volumes. Yet, they contain instructive matter, and, if abridged and rewritten, they might be transformed into a welcome addition to the library of American biography.

Mr. Goodrich was born in the western part of Connecticut State, at Ridgefield. His father was clergyman there, with a small stipend and a family of eight children,—all of whom, says our Mr. Goodrich "attained respectable positions in life." But life fifty years ago was primitive,—manners were simple,—and self-sacrifice was not then thought calamity. Let us string together a few traits, showing how people lived in those homely days:—

"Money was scarce, wages being about fifty cents a day, though these were generally paid in meat, vegetables, and other articles of use—seldom in money. There was not a factory of any kind in the place. There was a butcher, but he only went from house to house to slaughter the cattle and swine of his neighbors. There was a tanner, but he only dressed other people's skins: there was a clothier, but he generally fulled and dressed other people's cloth. * * Even dyeing blue a portion of the wool, so as to make linsey-wolsey for short gowns, aprons, and blue-mixed stockings—vital necessities in those days—was a domestic operation. During the autumn, a dye-tub in the chimney corner—thus placed so as to be cherished by the genial heat—was as familiar in all thrifty houses, as the Bible or the back-log. It was covered with a board, and formed a cosy seat in the wide-mouthed fire-place, especially of a chill evening. * * Our bread was of rye, tinged with Indian meal. Wheat bread was

reserved for the sacrament and company. * * All the vegetables came from our garden and farm. The fuel was supplied by our own woods—sweet-scented hickory, snapping chestnut, odoriferous oak, and reeking, fizzling ash. * * Sugar was partially supplied by our maple-trees. These were tapped in March, the sap being collected, and boiled down in the woods. This was wholly a domestic operation, and one in which all the children rejoiced. * * Rum was largely consumed, but our distilleries had scarcely begun. A half-pint of it was given as a matter of course to every day-laborer, more particularly in the summer season. In all families, rich or poor, it was offered to male visitors as an essential point of hospitality, or even good manners. Women—I beg pardon—ladies, took their schnapps, then named 'Hopkins Elixir,' which was the most delicious and seductive means of getting tipsy that has been invented. Crying babies were silenced with hot toddy, then esteemed an infallible remedy for wind on the stomach. Every man imbibed his morning dram, and this was esteemed temperance. There is a story of a preacher about those days, who thus lectured his parish: 'I say nothing, my beloved brethren, against taking a little bitters before breakfast, and after breakfast, especially if you are used to it. What I contend against is this dramming, dramming, dramming, at all hours of the day.' * * We raised our own flax, rotted it, hackled it, dressed it, and spun it. The little wheel, turned by the foot, had its place, and was as familiar as if it had been a member of the family. * * The wool was also spun in the family, partly by my sisters, and partly by Molly Gregory, daughter of our neighbor, the town carpenter. I remember her well as she sang and spun aloft in the attic. In those days, church singing was one of the fine arts—the only one, indeed, which flourished in Ridgefield, except the music of the drum and fife. The choir was divided into four parts, ranged on three sides of the meeting-house gallery. * * Twice a year, that is, in the spring and autumn, the tailor came to the house and fabricated the semi-annual stock of clothes for the male members—this being called 'whipping the cat.' Mantuamakers and milliners came in their turn, to fit out the female members of the family. There was a similar process as to boots and shoes."

Here are a few more details, which bring again before us persons, and the scenes, already introduced to us by Greenwood and Flint:—

"At the period of my earliest recollections, men of all classes were dressed in long, broad-tailed coats, with huge pockets, long

waistcoats, and breeches. Hats had low crowns, with broad brims—some so wide as to be supported at the sides with cords. The stockings of the parson, and a few others, were of silk in summer and worsted in winter; those of the people were generally of wool, and blue and grey mixed. Women dressed in wide bonnets—sometimes of straw and sometimes of silk: the gowns were of silk, muslin, gingham, &c.—generally close and short-waisted, the breast and shoulders being covered by a full muslin kerchief. Girls ornamented themselves with a large white Vandyke. * * Tavern haunting—especially in winter, when there was little to do—was common, even with respectable farmers. Marriages were celebrated in the evening, at the house of the bride, with a general gathering of the neighborhood, and usually wound off by dancing. Everybody went, as to a public exhibition, without invitation. Funerals generally drew large processions, which proceeded to the grave. Here the minister always made an address, suited to the occasion. If there was any thing remarkable in the history of the deceased, it was turned to religious account in the next Sunday's sermon. Singing meetings, to practise church music, were a great resource for the young, in winter. * * Balls at the taverns were frequented by the young; the children of deacons and ministers attended, though the parents did not. The winter brought sleighing, skating, and the usual round of indoor sports."

We are amused, a page or two later, to find Mr. Goodrich putting in a good word for the practice of "whittling,"—which, with some writers on America, has shared the wrath bestowed on the sitter's legs resting on the mantel-shelf—on the spitter's evolutions, whether there be carpet or no carpet. Mr. Goodrich defends the knife, the shingle, and the chips, as so many first steps and implements in mechanical ingenuity.—

"Steam navigation [says he], the electric telegraph, the steam reaper, &c. &c., are American inventions: hence it is that, whether it be at the World's Fair in London or Paris, we gain a greater proportion of prizes for useful inventions than other people. That is what comes of whittling!"

Society was civiler in those days than it has since become.—

"Before I proceed, let me note, in passing, a point of manners then universal, but which has now nearly faded away. When travellers met with people on the highway, both saluted one another with a certain dignified and formal courtesy. All children

were regularly taught at school to 'make their manners' to strangers; the boys to bow and the girls to courtesy. It was something different from the frank, familiar 'How are you stranger?' of the Far West; something different from the 'Bon jour, serviteur, of the Alps. * * For children to salute travellers was, in my early days as well a duty as a decency. A child who did not 'make his manners' to a stranger on the high-road was deemed a low fellow. * * Jefferson was, or affected to be, very simple in his taste, dress, and manners. He wore pantaloons, instead of breeches, and adopted leather shoe-strings in place of buckles. These and other similar things were praised by his admirers as signs of his democracy: a certain coarseness of manners, supposed to be encouraged by the leaders, passed to the led. Rudeness and irreverence were at length deemed democratic, if not democracy. An anecdote, which is strictly historical, will illustrate this. About this time, there was in the eastern part of Connecticut a clergyman by the name of Cleveland, who was noted for his wit. One summer day, as he was riding along, he came to a brook. Here he paused to let his horse drink. Just then, a stranger rode into the stream from the opposite direction, and his horse began to drink also. The animals approached, as is their wont under such circumstances, and thus brought the two men face to face. 'How are you, priest?' said the stranger.—'How are you, democrat?' said the parson.—'How do you know I am a democrat?' said one.—'How do you know I am a priest?' said the other.—'I know you to be a priest by your dress,' said the stranger.—'I know you to be a democrat by your address,' said the parson."

The above scraps, collected from the pages of prosy writing, over which they are thinly sprinkled, will afford no bad idea of the matter of a large portion of the first volume. How its writer's education, commenced at a dame-school, which was kept by one Delight Benedict, was continued and carried out,—by what steps he rose into compilation, editorship, authorship, competence, and an European reputation (of its kind),—we do not profess to follow, since the chapters might be shorn of pages, and the pages be shorn of paragraphs, and the paragraphs of words, ere the story could be reduced into such form and compass as would make sketch or extract easy. Some of the passages which will be found most amusing on this side of the Atlantic are "pencilings," by Mr. Goodrich, of the literary celebrities of

England and Scotland, taken about the year 1823, telling how "Peter Parley" surprised a person no less awful than the Editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, on the floor, in high romps with Mrs. Russell's boys!—how the American was taken out a-riding, and "did not get the trot of Jeffreys mare out of 'his' bones for a fortnight,"—and how he found Blackwood, "a plain, short, stocky person, with a large head, bald and flat on the top, who spoke broad Scotch, or rather sang it":—also, how he dined with Sir Walter Scott's son-in-law and daughter. From the record of this dinner-party, a passage or two may be extracted.—

"Mrs. Lockhart was now apparently about two-and-twenty years old—small in person, and girl-like in manner. Her hair was light-brown, cut short, and curled in her neck and around her face. Her cheeks were blooming, and her countenance full of cheerfulness. * Mrs. Lockhart spoke with great interest of Mr. Irving, who had visited the family at Abbotsford. She said that he slept in a room which looked out on the Tweed. In the morning as he came down to breakfast, he was very pale, and being asked the reason, confessed that he had not been able to sleep. The sight of the Tweed from his window, and the consciousness of being at Abbotsford, so filled his imagination—so excited his feelings, as to deprive him of slumber. She also spoke of Prof. Ticknor—laying the accent on the last syllable—as having been at Abbotsford, and leaving behind him the most agreeable impressions. Our lively hostess was requested to give us some music, and instantly complied—the harp being her instrument.* She sang Scotch airs, and played several pibrochs—all with taste and feeling. Her range of tunes seemed inexhaustible. Her father sat by, and entered heartily into the performances. He beat time vigorously with his lame leg, and frequently helped out a chorus, the heartiness of his tones making up for some delinquencies in tune and time. Often he made remarks upon the songs, and told anecdotes respecting them. When a certain pibroch had been played, he said it reminded him of the first time he ever saw Miss Edgeworth. There had come to Abbotsford, a wild, Gaelic peasant from the neighborhood of Staffa, and it was proposed to him to sing a pibroch common in that region. He had consented, but required the whole party present, to sit in a circle on the floor, while he should sing the song, and perform a certain pantomimic accompaniment, in the centre. All was accordingly arranged in the great hall, and

the performer had just begun his wild chant, when in walked a small but stately lady, and announced herself as Miss Edgeworth! * * * 'The most remarkable thing about the American Indians,' said Blackwood, 'is their being able to follow in the trail of their enemies, by their footprints left in the leaves, upon the grass, and even upon the moss of the rocks. The accounts given of this seem hardly credible.'—'I can readily believe it, however,' said Sir Walter. 'You must remember that this is a part of their education. I have learned at Abbotsford to discriminate between the hoof-marks of all our neighbors' horses, and I taught the same thing to Mrs. Lockhart. It is, after all, not so difficult as you might think. Every horse's foot has some peculiarity—either of size, shoeing, or manner of striking the earth. I was once walking with Southey—a mile or more from home—across the fields. At last we came to a bridle-path, leading towards Abbotsford, and here I noticed fresh hoof-prints. Of this I said nothing; but pausing and looking up with an inspired expression, I said to Southey—"I have a gift of second sight: we shall have a stranger to dinner!"—"And what may be his name?" was the reply.—"Scott," said I.—"Ah, it is some relation of yours," he said, "you have invited him, and you would pass off as an example of your Scottish gift of prophecy, a matter previously agreed upon!"—"Not at all," said I. "I assure you that till this moment I never thought of such a thing." "When we got home, I was told that Mr. Scott, a farmer living some three or four miles distant, and a relative of mine, was waiting to see me. Southey looked astounded. The man remained to dinner, and he was asked if he had given any intimation of his coming. He replied in the negative: that indeed he had no idea of visiting Abbotsford when he left home. After enjoying Southey's wonder for some time, I told him that I saw the tracks of Mr. Scott's horse in the bridle-path, and inferring that he was going to Abbotsford, easily foresaw that we should have him to dinner.' Mrs. Lockhart confirmed her father's statement, and told how, in walking over the country together, they had often amused themselves in studying the hoof-prints along the roads. * * * Charles Scott, Sir Walter's second son, a rosy-cheeked youth of about eighteen, was present. He had recently come from Wales, where he had been under the teaching of a Welsh clergyman. The subject being mentioned, Blackwood asked Mr. Robinson—a very sober, clerical-looking gentleman—to give the company a sample of a Welsh sermon. Two chairs were placed back to back: Blackwood sat in one—his bald, flat pate for a desk, and

and the performer mounted the other—taking one of Mrs. Lockhart's songs for his notes. It seems he was familiar with the Welch language, and an admirable mimic. His performance was exceedingly amusing. When he became animated, he slapped the music down on Blackwood's bald pate, and in capping his climaxes, gave it two or three smart thumps with his fist. Blackwood must have had a substantial skull, or he could not have borne it. At last, even he had enough of it, and when he perceived another climax was coming, he dodged, and the sermon was speedily brought to a close. Mr. Robinson was then called upon to imitate an Italian player on the bass-viol. He took a pair of tongs for his bow, and a shovel for his viol, and mounting a pair of spectacles on the tip-end of his nose, he began imitating the spluttering of the instrument by his voice. It was imitatively droll. Sir Walter was quite convulsed, and several of the ladies absolutely screamed. As to myself, I had the side-ache for four-and-twenty hours."

It may have been already remembered by our readers that Mr. Goodrich was consul at Paris for some years. But it is singular that they should have left such feeble traces

or yielded so few traits, as this book reveals. He recounts, too, as diffusely as well can be, how, in his editorial capacity, he did his part in "bringing out" some of the most popular American authors:—among others, Brainard, who wrote his poem on "The Fall of Niagara," "yet had never been within less than five hundred miles of the cataract,"—Mr. N. P. Willis, who was successful and spoiled from the very outset of his career,—and Mr. Hawthorne, whose up-hill fight towards the eminence on which he now stands is also commemorated.—That this striking humorist and romancer was long in getting his public, none knew better than those concerned in the *Athenæum*. But this Journal was not inadvertent to the appearance of something new and real in the world of American imagination; since so long ago as the year 1835, we made our readers acquainted with some of the papers by Mr. Hawthorne then anonymously scattered through the American periodicals, which, a few years later were gathered and published as the "Twice-told Tales."

MR. HAMMOND, an American sportsman, in his volume entitled *Wild Northern Scenes*, gives a record of exciting adventures with the rifle and the rod, along with graphic descriptions of a district comparatively unknown and unrequented. In the broad region lying between the St. Lawrence and Lake Champlain colonization and civilization have yet made little progress. The country, rocky and sterile, offers no temptation to agricultural labor, and the ancient forests yet give shelter to multitudes of deer, while the howl of the wolf and the scream of the panther disturb the solitude of the scenes. The Red Indians have indeed disappeared, but the region is yet wild and rude as when the white man had not yet invaded it. The romantic lakes and rugged rocks add to the natural charm of the scenery. Mr. Hammond tells us that for many years he has been accustomed to take his annual holiday from the wearing business of city life amidst these solitudes, in preference to the crowded watering-places, with their dismal conventionality and cheerless excitement. His book is very likely to attract many others to the same scenes, though we believe the district is not quite so unvisited as Mr. Hammond represents. However, he has written a most entertaining book, whether as regards the more direct sporting experiences, or the reflections on life and manners, and the enthusiastic descriptions

of natural scenery. The volume is illustrated by several engravings. We have read it with as much interest as any recent American book of light literature that has lately come in our way. —*Literary Gazette*.

AFRICAN RISKS FROM TRAVEL.—"My men were exceedingly delighted with the cordial reception we met with every where; but a source of annoyance was found where it was not expected. Many of their wives had married other men during our two years' absence, Mashauana's wife, who had borne him two children, was among the number. He wished to appear not to feel it much; saying, 'Why, wives are as plentiful as grass, and I can get another: she may go'; but he would add, 'If I had that fellow, I would open his ears for him.' As most of them had more wives than one, I tried to console them by saying that they still had more than I had, and that they had enough yet: but they felt the reflection to be galling, that while they were toiling, another had been devouring their corn. Some of their wives came with very young infants in their arms. This excited no discontent; and for some I had to speak to the chief, to order the men, who had married the only wives some of my companions ever had, to restore them."—*Livingstone's Missionary Travels in South Africa*.

From The Spectator.

MIDDLESEX HOSPITAL REPORT OF CANCER.*

IN 1791, the late Samuel Whitbread founded a ward in the Middlesex Hospital for the special reception and treatment of cancer; requiring as a condition of the endowment, that the name of every patient admitted should be kept, and records made of any peculiar case, which records should be open to public inspection. Many additions have been made to the Cancer Fund since its original institution; and the ward has become a sort of school for cancer, not merely from the number of cases continually present for study, but because the Governors have rendered it available for the trial of every new method of treatment which the medical officers might consider safe and proper. Two conditions are always enforced,—that the method of treatment should be explained; and that consent to make it public within a reasonable period should be given.

During the sixty-six years that have elapsed since the foundation of the ward, numerous applications have been rejected, and many experiments have been tried. The most important of these appears to have been the plan of Dr. Fell, an American physician, which was commenced in January last; for although not applicable to many cases of the disease, and not producing any constitutional effects, which is the greatest desideratum, it has various advantages. It causes little constitutional disturbance; though not painless, it is much less painful than any other treatment; it removes the offensive odor and other unpleasant concomitants of the disease, which at all events depress and harass the patient; there is not necessarily confinement to the bed or even the house, so that the general health is little affected for the worse; it can be employed in all cases where the knife is used, and in many others "in which no prudent person would recommend a cutting operation."

The drug, new as to its application, which Dr. Fell uses, is the root of the *Sanguinaria Canadensis* or Blood-root of Canada. It can be taken internally, or applied externally

* *Report of the Surgical Staff of the Middlesex Hospital to the Weekly Board and Governors upon the Treatment of Cancerous Diseases in the Hospital, on the Plan introduced by Dr. Fell.* Printed by order of the Quarterly Court. Published by Churchill.

with chloride of zinc and flour in the form of a paste. The external treatment was the more effectual mode, and is thus described,

"In treating an ulcerated cancer, a small quantity of the paste was diluted with stramonium, or other ointment, spread on cotton-wool, and pressed into contact with the whole ulcerated surface. By the next day, a thin superficial layer of the morbid structure was usually found changed into a dull white, friable, insensible eschar; and the fætor and discharge were lessened. The undiluted paste was then applied in the same manner; and the dressing was renewed from day to day, until it appeared to have pervaded the disease in its entire thickness. Fragments of the eschar were removed as they became loose; and light incisions were made from time to time in its deeper and more fixed parts, with the purpose of facilitating the gradual percolation of the paste to the inmost layers of the disease. The use of the paste was then discontinued, and poultices, or what is better, soothing ointments, were employed, particularly around the edges of the eschar. A line of demarcation formed and deepened, and the dead mass was at length cast off. If the eschar comprised the entire mass of the cancer, a perfectly healthy granulating sore soon appeared in its place, and speedily healed. If, however, any part of the original disease remained, it was requisite to renew the treatment, only taking care, as before, to dilute the paste on its first application to the tender surface of the ulcer.

"Two peculiarities marked the treatment of cancerous tumours, which had not yet ulcerated, or were only ulcerated to a small extent. In the first place, no ingredient in the remedy being capable of destroying healthy skin, at least in a reasonably short period, it was necessary to remove that obstacle to its action upon the soft and permeable tissue beneath. The treatment, therefore, commenced by destroying the skin, to about the same superficial extent as that of the tumor, by means of strong nitric acid. The skin was lightly touched with the acid, until every part of it intended to be destroyed had lost its natural appearance and acquired a yellow color. A bright red halo formed around, and vassication commenced upon the charred surface. The latter process ceased on the application of a layer of the paste, spread on cotton; and the next day, on removing the dressing, a dry tawny-yellow eschar appeared.

"Then commenced the second and the characteristic process in the treatment by Dr. Fell. Parallel scratches or shallow incisions

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were made along the charred skin, for the purpose of inserting into them strips of calico smeared with the paste. These incisions varied in number, being usually made about half an inch apart, but sometimes there were not more than four in a breadth of five or six inches. They were carried along the whole length of the eschar, and to a depth somewhat short of the living tissues beneath. For the first two or three days they were seldom deep enough to lodge the strips of calico; still even the scratches sufficed for the percolation of the remedy into the subjacent living parts. Each day the incisions were a little deepened, and fresh strips of anointed calico, or rolls of cotton-wool covered with the paste, were inserted into them, until in the course of from two to seven weeks, the average time being about three weeks, the whole depth of the tumour was penetrated; and then the use of the paste was discontinued, and the eschar left to separate."

It is in these incisions that the principal value of Dr. Fell's method consists, according to the opinion of the Middlesex Hospital surgeons. The application of zinc to cancer is not new; taken internally, the blood-root did not seem to have any effect one way or other. The external application seems limited to removing the odor; for the purpose of destroying cancers it appears to be practically inert. In a review of the whole treatment, the report ascribes the virtue to the incisions.

"The last peculiarity of this treatment is the practice of incisions; and we are of opin-

ion that this is its only but its very great merit. The sanguinaria is inert; the chloride of zinc paste was known before; but the incisions constitute a new feature in the treatment of cancerous tumors, for which we find no parallel in the writings of the past or in the practice of present surgeons. Cancer, in its constitutional nature, remains as ruthless and as unassailable as ever. Chloride of zinc may or may not continue to be used for the destruction of the local disease. But the advantage placed in the hands of surgeons by the invention of gradual incisions claims henceforth their very frequent adoption in the treatment of cancerous tumours, as well as a grateful acknowledgment of the ingenuity of their inventor."

This notice of the "Report on Cancer" is confined to the barest outline of the new practice. Those who wish for fuller information on the subject must obtain the report itself. They will find there some curious particulars relating to an audacious attempt at imposition by a charlatan, recommended by men who ought to have known better; a very full account of Dr. Fell's plan and the methods of carrying it out in detail; a critical survey of the whole treatment so far as the short period in which it has been under observation permits of judgment, and numerous cases illustrative of that treatment. It should be observed that the surgical staff of the Hospital consider that further improvements may arise from Dr. Fell's plan, when it has been subjected to more extensive investigation and experiment.

The Stanhope Prize Essay: the Character and Place of Wickliffe as a Reformer. By Herbert Cowell. J. H. and J. Parker.

THE Stanhope prize essay for 1857, by Herbert Cowell, of Wadham College, on the Character and Place of Wickliffe as a Reformer, presents an interesting view of the state of England in the reign of Edward III., with a clear exposition of the special work which Wickliffe was able to accomplish by his labors and his writings. Of the personal piety of the reformer and his fervent spiritual character there is no difference of opinion, but Mr. Cowell shows that he exerted public influence chiefly by his attacks on the clergy for their immorality and their abuse of power and privilege. It was the English sense of justice and love of liberty rather than Christian zeal for the truth which

brought support to Wickliffe in his protest against Rome. He himself was moved by higher principles, but Mr. Cowell is right in his representation of the general tone of the movement of which this early reformer was the head. The tide of public feeling was in the direction of political rather than religious liberty, and there was no strong or general desire to oppose more than the gross abuses of the church. The masses of the people could little sympathize with the spiritual aspirations of the reformer, whose services were better appreciated by a succeeding generation. But though his efforts for reformation were premature, his name is not the less cherished and honored as one of the founders of the Protestant cause in England.—*Literary Gazette.*

ON RECEIVING A BASKET OF VIOLETS IN WAX.

WHERE, oh where do the violets dwell?
Sweet April breeze, I pray thee, tell!
Thou hast wandered far over vale and glen,
Ere thou hast entered the haunts of men;
Thou hast breathed on the wealth of the spring's
young green,
Through sunlit valleys thy path has been,
Through copses where last year's leaves lie still,
Where the brambles dip in the wandering rill,
O'er wide green meadows, o'er bleak hillside—
Tell me, sweet breeze, where do violets hide?

Down some quiet glen where the moss is
deep;

At a gray rock's foot where the lichens creep;
Under branches gemmed with the morning dew,
In a bower of leaves which the sun glints
through;

'Mong the thick gnarled roots of an old oak-
tree,

Unvisited save by some wandering bee;
'Mid the deep wood-silence, unbroken all day,
Save by babbling brook or rustling spray;
Like a gem in the shade of its deep leaves set,
You may find the coy sweet violet!

Alas, for me! I may not go
Where the wild fern bends to the waters' flow,
Chained are the steps that would gladly roam
In the track of the breeze to the violet's home.
I dwell 'mid the tide of eddying life;
The very air with its sound is life!
I may not leave these streets and walls
For lone wood-dells and water-falls;
So deep in its own sweet verd'rous gloom,
Unseen by me, must the violet bloom!

Yet have I violets! See my prize!
Purple and white, with their golden eyes!
Violets vying with Nature's best,
Tenderly set in a mossy nest!
Better in this, that these dainty flowers
Fade not away with the fleeting hours;
But their beauty will last with the fancies they
raise,

Through rain and tempest, and wintry days.
Then thanks, warm thanks, to the skilful hand,
And tenfold thanks to the heart that planned
This graceful gift! So these flowers shall be
Ever a source of sweet thoughts to me,
And though storms blow wildly, and skies are
drear,

Shall bring dreams of spring-time through all
the year! F. H. S.

—Chambers' Journal.

A VISION OF THE GREAT EASTERN.

LIKE a huge landslip, lo, the monster glides
Solemn and dark, upon the swelling main,
Whose surge, upheaved by her tremendous
sides

Indignant, dashes on the shores again.
Shout, multitudes! Guns, strain your iron
throats—

Approving smiles, well pleased, let beauty lend;
Sound, trumpets, sound your high triumphant
notes—

Frighted sea-monsters, to your caves descend;

To-day our ocean queen the earth disdains,
And o'er the subject deep, a mighty conqueror
reigns!

Friendship no longer to the shore descends
With cheeks bedewed, while fond ones look their
last,

As at the bedside of departing friends,
Ere death the bitterness of death to taste.
Securely walking, as on city street,
The self-same heaven above, though stars be
strange;

Countrymen, neighborhoods, and kindred meet,
Serene th' illimitable deep they range;
Many they love, and much of all they know,
Religion, language, laws, together with them go.

Thyself a navy! Offspring of man's mind,
Aspiring ever, and expanding still;
Pilot of labor wheresoe'er we find
The wilderness expecting human skill.
Earth calls—man hears—wide ocean intervene,
Crowds pine on this, hope points to other
strands;

Our iron Island oscillates between
The old and new, th' outworn and virgin lands;
Labor embarks with proud elated mien,
Glory and wealth with him, albeit as yet unseen.

Instinct with living fires, for purposed ends,
Submissive, pliant to the helmsman's skill,
From continent to continent extends,
From pole to pole the iron isle at will.
Not belching death from her artilleried sides,
Not clothed with thunder, terror, rage, and pain;
On peaceful errands, olive-crowned, she glides,
Tyrannic only o'er the watery plain;
From teeming nations, scarce-requested toil,
Floats man to nature, labor to the soil.

Linking two hemispheres, the far and near,
Esteeming lightly distance, change, and time,
Ordained to trample on, and domineer
Over the wild dissociating brine;
Far as th' o'erarching western heavens extend,
Onward, still onward, tens of thousands come;
Thy sides food-seeking families ascend,
Descending thence, to their appointed home;
Men of one name, one language, and one birth,
Subduing and replenishing the earth!

JOHN FISHER MURRAY.

—Chambers' Journal.

PANIC POETRY.

"A Friend in need is a Friend indeed!"

Old proverbs at times seem witty or wise,
As seen by the aid of a new pair of eyes
Opened wide by misfortune—another's or ours—
Like clouds that grow grand as the thunder-
storm lowers.

Old Skinfint, the man with more money than
heart,

In vain is besought with his specie to part;
His friends are so kind and so "friendly in-
deed,"

That old Skinfint suspects them to be "friends
in need." NOR'WESTER.

IOWA CITY, October 22, 1857.

—Evening Post.

From The Saturday Review.

THE SPANISH COURT.

THE condition of the Spanish Court and Government is a disgrace to Europe. The first-fruits of civilization, even on the unkindest soil, are usually the external decencies; but in Madrid these humblest conquests of moral progress seem to be abandoned. The accredited phrase in certain circles about the Court of Spain is, that there is a mystery about it; but the mystery is like the *secret de Polichinelle*. Everybody in Europe whispers it. The smallest piece of news in Madrid is enough to set every tongue profaning it. If the Ministry changes, if Armero brings in Mon, and Mon refuses to come in without Pidal, and Pidal introduces Bermudez de Castro, and the dead generally unbury their dead, but one name is made responsible for it all. If it is announced that a Royal child is about to be born to Spain, and prayers are offered in all the churches for her Majesty's deliverance from danger, the same name mingles with the public orisons. One omnipresent influence animates Court life and politics, and yet it has an inner shrine whither you may easily get directed if you want a place, or a command, or a railway concession. As you make your way to a certain boudoir, you will pass Cardinals who have been to converse about the Concordat, Princes of the Blood who have been consulting about their own or their daughters' marriage, and Foreign Ministers who have come to mediate in the rupture with Mexico. The inmate will receive you graciously, if you are properly equipped; and you will find that there is no good thing in Spain but can be begged or bought from a Madame Dubarry who, instead of paint and patches, wears a sword, a sabre-tasche, and spurs. The present moral status of the Bourbons reminds one of the theory, held by some persons, that in very old families the good qualities of the race die out, leaving a residuum of unqualified evil. The greatest House in Europe will certainly not disprove the theory. Except where the blood has been sweetened by adversity, it seems to have steadily eliminated all its nobler particles, and to have run itself clear, in the course of years, from all its ingredients except vice, fanaticism, and imbecility. At Naples, you have the cold cruelty and moroseness of Louis XIII. At Venice, you have the formal superstition and mechanical routine

of Louis XIV. At Madrid, you have Louis XV., *tout impur*. What need of a *Parc aux Cerfs*, when there are the united services for a preserve?

Many people are surprised to hear that these intolerable scandals have produced a general desire for the return of the Queen-Mother to Spain. Considering who Maria Christina is, the remedy called for at Madrid may seem only intelligible on the principles of homœopathy. This Royal lady has just most deliberately stamped herself with the character which she is to wear in the eyes of posterity. She had to choose between the horns of an uncomfortable dilemma, and to say whether she would be regarded as a cheat or as something which most women would consider a good deal worse. A Committee of the Constituent Cortes appointed to report on the sequestration of her property, had endeavored, with spiteful and perhaps not very honorable dexterity, to show that the State had a claim against her for very large sums of money unlawfully received. She had enjoyed an extravagant revenue as Regent and guardian of her infant daughter, but both the Regency and the guardianship were to cease on her marrying a second time and, unfortunately, her relations with her present husband, now Duke of Rianzares, had been such as to make it a charitable supposition that her widowhood ended soon after Ferdinand's death. The Committee had stated the alternative with malignant clearness; and when, on the defeat of her political enemies, the Queen-Mother announced that a formal refutation of their charges would be immediately submitted to the world, all the curiosity in Spain was awake to watch the issue of the struggle between modesty and cupidity. The result establishes the wisdom of the dictum that avarice is the best of all passions to cultivate, because it lasts longest. Maria Christina refuses to be called a swindler, because swindlers are sometimes required to refund—she consents to be called something else, because hard words break no bones. In a bulky pamphlet, published in her name by three well-known advocates, this Princess, who some years since was travelling about Europe with a train of marriageable daughters, labors to show, with much emphatic asseveration and great affluence of proofs, that she was not married till 1844. No wonder the question is asked,

what possible improvement can she bring to the morals of the Court of Spain? But the answer is, that she will bring common discretion. False, cruel, avaricious, tyrannical, and, as she herself admits, licentious, she has still the instincts of a woman. Though she may not have self-command enough to disappoint a single passion, she will do her best to reconcile her vices with appearances. She will affront scandal rather than relinquish one dollar of her hoards; but she does not love scandal for its own sake—she has no taste for orgies in the face of day, and would very much rather sin in private than in public. She is, in fact, desired in Madrid for the excellent example she affords. The person now styled Duke of Rianzares is not known to have caused the rise or fall of a single Cabinet. Probably, like the rest of the world, he has his hates and likings, but no political event can be traced to them; and if he has coveted distinction in any field outside the Palace, no indulgence has been extended to this creditable ambition. Maria Christina must be fully alive to the dangerousness of a Potemkin who is bent on having a Crimea in Cuba, and, if only for this reason, her *mitis sapientia* would be invaluable at Madrid.

The Oriental tinge which colors Spanish character may not imply any great austerity of morals, but it produces acute distaste for violations of external propriety, and a peculiar disgust at open irregularities in the other sex. It is greatly to be feared that Queen Isabella is at the same moment wearing out the affection of the Spanish nation for the Royal office, and its respect for those free institutions which sanction the seat of the younger branch of Spanish Bourbons on the throne. There are some, indeed, who appear to extract comfort from the shameful proceedings of the Spanish Court, by reflecting that, whatever Queen Isabella is, she is still a protest against absolute monarchy. She has, we are told, the sense to see that an attempt to govern without a Parliament would be an admission of her cousin's title to the Crown; and hence she keeps alive traditions and germs of freedom which may blossom hereafter in more genial days. The danger does not, however, impend from the sons of Don Carlos, whose chance of reinstatement in any event is almost inappreciable. In Spain, as in every other Continental community, it is a military autocracy which waits

to take advantage of the false steps of freedom; and in truth, nothing but the power which she accidentally possessed of playing off O'Donnell against Narvaez, prevented Queen Isabella from becoming, the other day, the slave and creature of an armed dictator. Curiously enough, the Court of Spain owes its present independence to the profligacy with which it has been wont to dispense its favors. It has created such a mob of Generals, and such a variety of discordant interests in the army, that no one competitor for military absolutism can hope to carry with him the support of more than a fraction of the forces and of their officers. But this even balance among a crowd of ready conspirators would be instantly destroyed by the conspicuous success of any one General in domestic or foreign war. Espartero, though he never drew a sword out of Spain, might have been Dictator long ago if it had not been for that cast of character which his disappointed friends stigmatize as feebleness, but which looks to an Englishman much more like simple honesty. Had hostilities really broken out between Spain and Mexico, the destroyer of the monarchy would not probably have been long in showing himself; and in any case, a Crown which has for years been the sport of military conspiracy needs but a push to topple it from the head of a sovereign who is an object of general contempt.

From The Saturday Review.

THE MARRIAGE OF FELLOWS QUESTION.

WE spoke of this question the other day as it concerns non-residents. We have a few words more to say on it as it concerns the residents—that is, the literary and educating staff of the several Colleges, and, in the aggregate, of the University. Our recurrence to what may seem a dry local question will be excused by those who know its great importance to the persons whose interests are affected, and (what is infinitely more to the purpose) its vital connexion with the future efficiency of our great national places of learning and education. The more we consider the subject, the more does the question of the marriage of Fellows appear to us the cardinal question of University Reform.

Of course there is no such thing now in existence at Oxford or Cambridge as celibacy in the mediæval sense. A certain number of

men—more at Oxford than at Cambridge—have been attracted by the religious poetry and monastic self-devotion of the Middle Ages, and have shown a yearning for the revival of those famous fraternities which, with all their perils and evils, did great things in their dark and stormy day. But it is a yearning only, which must change itself into something more practical before we can take notice of it in settling the character of our actual institutions. We have no monks now—none of the self-devotion of the monk—none of the noble works which were the children of childless men. We must look to other sources of energy and duty. We must look to the natural devotion of men to a calling of their own choice, and their natural desire to earn, by honorable exertion, their own and their children's bread. The Fellows of Colleges are not celibates—they are men waiting for a College living to be married. These are your doctors and your tutors. Their life is cut in two; and both moieties are, too often, failures. They do not give themselves heartily to the work of study and teaching, because they know they will have to quit it; and when they quit it, they are often too old to give themselves heartily to any thing else. By the help of unequalled prizes, which have had more to do with making men read at Oxford and Cambridge than the teaching, things shambled on tolerably well so long as the real studies of the place were limited to classics and mathematics. But now that a wider range is taken, and subjects are introduced which require the real devotion of a life, the system of bird-of-passage tuition and learning has totally broken down. Men cannot become great in political and physical science while they are looking for the death of an incumbent—more especially as half the year is lost in vacations, which the dulness of College life renders almost necessary to prevent a Fellow from becoming a human fossil before he is thirty.

The framers of the Oxford and Cambridge Acts have tried to meet the difficulty—which they could not overlook—by the extension and better endowment of the University Professoriate, leaving the College system as it is. We are afraid, as we have said before, that this device, natural and tempting as it was, will prove insufficient for the purposes of learning, and still more insufficient for the

purposes of education. Professorial teaching, practically speaking, is teaching by public lectures; and teaching by public lectures is really useful and efficient in the case of physical science alone. Classics, mathematics, moral philosophy, history, political economy, to be taught properly must be taught catechetically, either to single pupils or to a small class—even ordinary College classes are found by experience to be too large. The attempt made at Oxford to teach Latin scholarship and composition by means of public lectures, must be said, we believe, to have proved unsuccessful, in spite of the great ability and energy of the Professor through whom it has been made. The standard of Latin scholarship is said to be declining; and the accomplishment of writing Latin verse, we fear, almost verges on extinction. Even in the case of physical science, it may be doubted whether the system of lecturing to large classes is not rather a matter of necessity than of choice—you cannot afford to repeat the necessary experiments for each individual pupil. As an intellectual stimulus, public lecturing may be occasionally useful in all subjects of instruction; but it cannot be looked to as the regular mode of teaching in any. Such, we are confident, would be the verdict of any man practically acquainted with the business of education. Besides this, Professors are and must be elected mainly for their learning; and it by no means follows, though it is often the case, that a learned man is a good teacher. We will not dwell on other evils of constant public lecturing to young, half-instructed, and enthusiastic audiences—evils which, though they have been exaggerated by bigoted alarmists, are nevertheless but too real, and of which some Continental nations still feel the lamentable effects.

The Professoriate is better suited to the purposes of learning than those of education. But even for the purposes of learning it is defective. It is too narrow, formal, and limited—it seeks too much to organize definitely that which in its nature is incapable of definite organization. Its theory is that you elect a man to represent, or rather to be, the genius and learning of the University in a particular subject, and that the man elected devotes his whole life to the special object of his chair. But things cannot be ordered after this fashion in the intellectual

world. Your Newton is not forthcoming at the moment when the chair of Astronomy is vacant, and he appears a year or two after it is filled by a second-rate man, who may hold it for twenty years to come. An Adam Smith or a Hume passes, with advantage to the literary world, from history or political economy to moral philosophy, or *vice versa*, and it would be hard if in doing so he were compelled to forfeit his special chair. Some great minds, such as Bacon and Leibnitz, take a still wider range—their proper sphere is the whole field of knowledge, and it would be a great evil to limit them to any part of it. We had occasion the other day to notice the breaking down of this theory of the exclusive devotion of Professors to their special subject, in the case of the Oxford Professoriate. The Oxford Professors of Hebrew and Greek are known to the world only as eminent theologians; the Professor of Ecclesiastical History seems to chafe at the idea of being confined to the history of the Church; the Professor of Latin has as yet only edited Greek plays; the writings of other eminent Professors wander far from the special subjects of their Professorships; and the chair of Modern History has long been silent, while the Professor announces a work on Moral Philosophy. The fact is, men of letters seek these professorships not so much from devotion to the special subject, as from the natural desire to get a permanent position and subsistence in a place of learning; and permanent fellowships, not forfeitable on marriage, would give this position and subsistence in a much easier and more convenient way.

We do not disguise from ourselves the difficulties which beset the settlement of this question from the established constitution of the Colleges, their strong cœnobic character, and even the structure of the buildings on which that character is so deeply impressed. As to the notion that the introduction of a few more families into Oxford or Cambridge would affect the morality of the students, it seems to us the most over-strained apprehension in the world. Simple and frugal family life, such as that of an intellectual man ought to be, is at least as edifying and improving a spectacle for the undergraduates as the present lives and habits of bachelor Fellows. For the soul-surviving body of monasticism—the once potent spirit having fled—we

have no reverence whatsoever; we would remove it out of the path of rational improvement like any other antiquated obstruction. Difficult as the question is, University Reformers and University Commissioners must address their minds in earnest to its solution, if they mean really to bring into free play the vast wealth and power of the Colleges, and to enable them to stand their ground against other institutions, like the London University, which have the means of keeping the best teachers permanently in their service. The solution need not take the form of a sudden and sweeping revolution. Nor need it at first be the same for all Colleges. Some of them offer a much clearer and safer ground for an experiment than others. But something must be done, on pain of leaving the great mass of the University endowments really unavailable for the purposes of "religion, learning, and education" in the present day, and allowing a movement in which so much energy and labor have been expended to fail of its most essential ends. The Oxford Colleges and Commissioners have let the matter pretty well out of their hands. But the Cambridge Commissioners have it still in their power; and we trust they will vigorously brace themselves to an effort which will make their work far more valuable and far more lasting than that of their Oxford rivals, valuable as that work is, and lasting as we hope many parts of it will be.

From The Economist, 14 Nov.

THE LAST OF THE MOGULS.

THE EVILS OF A COUNTERFEIT GOVERNMENT.

THE almost simultaneous dislodgement of the mutineers from Delhi and Lucknow,—the capture of the old Mogul,—the execution of his sons and grandson,—are events which may be said to have extinguished that last shadow of Mahometan Empire which still reminded the primitive inhabitants of India that a rule almost as splendid and extensive as the English had once belonged to a race at least naturalised among them, and similar in blood and language, though alien in religion. A long list of distinguished Englishmen have been sacrificed in the work of obtaining this end. We call the Mahometan dynasty a mere shadow of the past, and truly enough, so far as its own inherent energy and reality is concerned. But over the minds

of the mutineers it must have exercised a very real and present, if a very capricious charm, when we see how freely they have poured forth their blood in the defence of Delhi and the assault on Lucknow,—what racking anxiety, what precious lives, what noble, desperate courage they have obliged us to spend in conquering them. No commander who has done us distinguished service in the field, excepting Sir Henry Havelock and General Van Cortlandt alone, are now left in active command of our English troops. Lawrence, Wheeler, Nicholson, and Neill are dead; Wilson and Chamberlain disabled, while others enter into their labors. Subordinate English officers and soldiers have been sacrificed in proportion; one-third of the storming force at Delhi was put *hors de combat*. In Oude the swarms of mutineers prevent us, as yet, from keeping open the communication with Cawnpore. By numbers alone they have effected all this, it is true; we have been obliged to offer this costly exchange; we have been forced to requite them “gold for brass, what was worth a hundred oxen for what was worth nine.” But the very wastefulness of life shown in resisting us betokens, *not* indeed any attachment on the part of the Sepoys to the Mahometan rule, but a certain fascination in the idea of a revived native dynasty,—and a fixed conviction that there must be inherent power even in a mere ceremonial outside of royalty which the English had taken so much pains to respect and perpetuate.

The natives of India cannot understand our dislike of the appearance of power, where we possess the reality. They *ascribe* it to a real superstition or timidity on our part, which inspires them with a real superstitious courage on theirs. We respect the name of the old Dynasty, and they think, therefore, that the name must in some way be a stronghold in itself to make us thus respect it. It has been a false system on which we have acted in India, to keep up the appearance of deference for sham royalty so long after we have withdrawn the actual sceptre. Our great Indian Statesmen meant something quite different from this when they urged the danger of absorbing the native States. They meant that we ought to leave them *responsibility* as well as power;—to let the native populations feel the sharp contrast between the abuses of native government and

the equal hand of British rule. Those who so eagerly maintained the necessity of leaving native States standing wherever it was possible, never advocated leaving the semblance of government where all real government had been taken away. Scindiah and Holkar, for instance, though dependents on the British Government, are not mere shadows; they are responsible for what they do and leave undone. But this has long been otherwise with the Mogul. When 54 years ago, in September 1803, General Lake defeated the French and Mahratta troops near Delhi and entered that city, he restored to a nominal throne exactly such an aged and decrepit captive as the English troops captured the other day in his fruitless attempt to escape from that throne. Then, however, it was said that “by the restoration of the Mogul Emperor the British acquired the favor of the whole Mahometan interest in India;”—now we have learned what that favor meant, and how far from grateful for a merely nominal restoration of a puppet to power, they really were. It acted on the native imagination as if it were a kind of involuntary homage on the part of the English to a greatness which we envied, but dared not wholly obliterate. It acted on the English imagination as all shams necessarily act, by teaching us to confound a sober and conservative policy with the mere ostentatious pretence of such a policy.

The eagerness with which we have really cheated ourselves in our treatment of the Mogul and other native dynasties is well worth remark. We have so far identified the form of respect for a nonentity with our regular British policy, that our Sepoy army took the hint, and made it their first effort to get the old imperial *régime* for their nominal centre and rallying point. This political dexterity they learned in our school. When in 1804, during Holkar's insurrection, the commander-in-chief was under the impression that “it was impossible for so small a force [as Colonel Burns'] to defend both the city of Delhi and the person of the Emperor [poor old Shah Alum], he ordered that the former should be abandoned, and that the exertions of the garrison should be devoted solely to the defence of the citadel:”—so great a stroke of policy was it thought to govern under the nominal authority of the successor of Aurungzebe. Lord Lake little

foresaw that half a century later the same stroke of policy would be turned against us. The belief in this wisdom of shielding themselves behind a pageant of apparent authority seems to have been rooted very deeply in the Company's mind. Not two years since Lord Dalhousie, in his final minute, writes thus—"Seven years ago the heir-apparent to the King of Delhi died. He was the last of the royal race who had been born in the purple. The Court of Directors was accordingly advised to decline to recognise any other heir-apparent, and to permit the kingly title to fall into abeyance upon the death of the present King,* who even then was a very aged man. The Honorable Court accordingly conveyed to the Government of India authority to terminate the dynasty of Timour whenever the reigning King should die. But as it was found that, although the Honorable Court had consented to the measure, *it had given its consent with great reluctance, I abstained from making use of the authority which had been given to me.* The grandson of the King was recognised as heir-apparent, but only on condition that he should quit the palace in Delhi, in order to reside in the palace at the Kootub, and that he *should as King receive the Governor-General of India at all times on terms of perfect equality.*" This great, and we may say weak, delicacy on the part of the Honorable Court, and the condition of perfect equality, as between the King of Delhi and the Governor-General of India, read now somewhat ludicrously. The truth is, that the policy of our Indian Government has often aimed at far too great astuteness, and has neutralised its own purposes. It has inspired the people of India with a real respect, commensurate with its own apparent respect, for an empty title. It has actively fostered the superstition under the veil of which it desired to lie hid.

The only parallel to this policy was the old system of *patronising* the Hindoo idolatries, which the British Government apparently adopted almost entirely from the same motive as that which induced them to use the Mogul as a catspaw for governing India. They believed about as much in the Mogul as they did in Juggernaut; yet the interest with which the Government collectors used formerly to report to the Governor-General accessions to the wealth of Juggernaut, had

* Bahadur Shah, the old King just captured.

exactly the same effect on the minds of the natives, as the ceremonious care with which the British took all their formal powers of governing from the hands of the Mogul. The Hindoos were persuaded in the one case that the English did respect Juggernaut at heart, and, therefore, worshipped him themselves in much greater numbers than before. They were persuaded in the other case that the English did respect the Mogul's authority at heart, and, therefore, made it their first object to secure that authority for themselves. The English *overacted* their part in both cases. Who that reads such a report as the following—forwarded by a collector to the Supreme Government—would doubt that the British authority had a deep reverence for Juggernaut?—"I have the honor to acquaint you that Ram Buksh and Ram Hutgur, pilgrims, presented a serviceable elephant to Juggernaut and 200 rupees for its expenses, which last about six months. The god's establishment is six elephants. At or before the end of six months it will be necessary for Government either to order the elephant to be disposed of, or appoint some fund for its support, *should it be deemed advisable to keep it for Juggernaut's use.*"* The practical effect of such an intellectual self-accommodation to the religious atmosphere of India on the part of the English Government, was to increase immensely the idolatrous fervor of the Hindoos. And who can doubt but that the spirit indicated above in Lord Dalhousie's reference to the Honorable Court's tenderness for the Mogul, must similarly very greatly have increased the traditional reverence in Hindoos and Mahometans for the Mogul's name and state? We call him at home a puppet and a shadow, but we acted our part of deference with such dramatic fervor, as to increase the feeling which we intended to use as a mere blind. We believe that all such shams are really quite as injurious in India as at home. The Hindoos easily suspect in us a superstitious homage and timidity which they themselves actually feel. It is a good and generous policy to leave some real power, so long as it is even tolerably exercised, in the hands of native princes. But to make a parade of respect where there is no authority, is to cherish a gross superstition we ought cordially to fight against.

* Parliamentary Papers, 1813,—quoted in Calcutta Review for March, 1852.

We must assume courageously the power and responsibility we really exercise, or we shall again, perhaps, have to sweep away these "phantom-kings" at the same terrible sacrifice of English blood, as that we have just poured out upon the altar of the Great Mogul.

From The Saturday Review.

THE PRUSSIAN REGENCY.

WE know that an Englishman who eulogizes a reigning King is always suspected by his fellows of innate flunkeyism, or of some sinister object; and, on the other hand, we have never had the slightest respect for that frame of mind which chooses the moment after a man's death to say about him an infinity of good which the eulogist never could have dreamed of saying during his lifetime. The situation of the King of Prussia, whose life is likely to be prolonged, but who, from the nature of his complaint, will never probably again exercise regal authority, gives us a good opportunity for speaking of him as he deserves to be spoken of in a country towards which he has always entertained the warmest affection. There is no conspicuous personage of the day about whom vulgar opinion in England is so thoroughly in the wrong. No more accomplished gentleman than the King of Prussia ever sat on a throne. Learning is common enough in Germany, and therefore it is not a very rare distinction in the pupil of Niebuhr and Schleiermacher that he is known to be one of the best informed men of the age. But from the Tyrol to the Eyder, wit is a scarce commodity; and it is therefore something that Frederick William has always been remarkable for saying the best things that are said in a language which does not easily lend itself to pleasantry. The religion of kings is apt to be regarded on the Continent as an appendage of their state, and a mere instrument of political Conservatism; but no one, even of those who disliked the form of doctrine to which he attached himself, ever denied the depth and spirituality of the King of Prussia's piety. He has always, too, been characterized by sympathies for which it is to be feared that a great part of Germany has much more respect than for religious fervor. His pulse has vibrated in unison with every one of the great movements which of late years have run through his country.

No aspiration after liberty, after nationality, after new forms of knowledge or new forms of art, has thrilled the German public mind which has not been shared by Frederick William; and it has always been shown to the Germans, by some demonstration or other, that he too was a German even as they.

It is impossible not to ask, and it would be absurd to try to refrain from asking, why a monarch so rarely gifted, and so largely endowed with the qualities which attract affection, should have ended his reign with so little honor at home and such scanty respect abroad. The explanation is not far to seek. Frederick William has been eminently the wrong man in the wrong place. His situation has been the most unfavorable that can be conceived for a man of great susceptibility and quick impulses. He has been placed so high that every fleeting phase of mind, and all the ebbs and flows of temper, have always been watched by a thousand envious eyes, and commented on by a thousand gossiping tongues; and his authority has been so great that he has been able to act at once on his speculations, and to give instant effect to his passing moods. If his actions had been more under extrinsic control, and if his character had not been so much of the nature of public property, he might have gone down to posterity as a great scholar, a great wit, and a warm-hearted and sympathetic patriot. But, as it was, the good in him has mostly been turned to evil. His erudition, however appreciated by the lettered circles of Berlin, has gained him among that idle and frivolous German aristocracy which unfortunately does so much to form European and English opinion on the affairs of the Continent, a reputation for pedantry not unlike that which blinds us to the really remarkable attainments of our own James I. Observers of another class have misunderstood his abundant humor and geniality; and to them we owe the calumny with which his name has been most frequently associated in England. But Frederick William has suffered most from the false position in which a man whose sensibilities are easily wrought upon is placed by the possession of very great, if not quite absolute, power. Born to less conspicuous dignity, and more controlled by circumstances, he would have lived down many changes of

sentiment which, carried out into action, have invested his domestic and foreign policy with the appearance of lamentable inconsistency. It is not given to quasi-despotic kings to "rise on stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things." They are only too free to act on the feelings of the moment; and when these feelings succeed each other rapidly, the result is exactly that contradiction in outward conduct which the generality of men disdain. The King of Prussia has always been keenly alive to the grandeur of his position as the descendant of Frederick the Great, and as the inheritor of the monarchy which Frederick re-founded with his sword. The conception of his kingdom as a sort of camp long made him cold to free institutions; but yet he could not remain insensible to the yearning of Germany for liberty, and the combination of two contradictory impulses produced that grotesque political establishment—the Estates of Prussia—which all Europe smiled at, and the Revolution of 1848 overturned. In that very year, 1848, he could not escape the contagion of enthusiasm for a united Empire. Thus he schemed at Frankfort for an Imperial Crown, hesitating to grasp it from dislike of losing Prussia in Germany, and at last accepted it so much too late that nothing was left to him except to resign it with undignified haste. Every turn of his policy by which he lost credit abroad, may be explained in the same way; nor need we hesitate to admit that some of the finest qualities of our nature distinguish the warm admirer of England who threw himself during the last war into the arms of the Emperor of Russia, and the patron of the Evangelical Alliance who refused to let his censors proscribe the *Leben Jesu* of Strauss, and who suffered his own closet to become the harbor of the Ultra-Lutheran re-action.

Though the days of *Télémaque* are gone by, and an article ought not to take the form of an essay on the education of Princes, we may venture to say that the qualities which would be most useful in a monarch who has to conduct a country like Prussia through the transition-period between subjection and liberty are neither the best nor the worst of those which enter into human character. The King of Prussia has failed through an idiosyncrasy in which there was much to admire, and more to love; but the homely

dulness of Francis of Austria, and the downright idiocy of his successor, would have been equally unsuccessful. The late Czar Nicholas, though he had a striking mental organization—and though as the French actress said, *Sa Majesté avait diablement la physique de son métier*—would have been out of place in Northern Germany. Perhaps a man not very learned, not very brilliant, but with perfect honesty, a firm purpose, and a frank straightforwardness, is most likely to steer the vessel through those ugly and difficult straits. Victor Emmanuel of Sardinia, though far from a model of intellectual or ethical perfections, is nevertheless believed to answer this description on the whole; and we have a satisfaction in being able to say that the same characteristics are attributed by general rumor to the Prince who has just assumed the reins of government in Prussia. If he has only good sense and directness, he will bequeath a throne not more stable than august to a successor who will already have given pledges to constitutional liberty by allying himself with the Royal line of England.

From the Spectator, 7 Nov.

THE RENEWED PARIS CONFERENCE.

IN due course we shall probably have a bundle of papers comprising the protocols of the renewed Conference in Paris. Before these papers are published, we shall have a semi-official announcement of the arrangement for the future government of the Danubian Principalities—the subject which will chiefly, though perhaps not exclusively, engage the supplemental Conference. When the papers arrive, we shall have some data for conjecturing the motives which will have determined the Powers to make the intended arrangement; that is, we shall have so much of the data as the Plenipotentiaries can be brought to rescue from each other's instinct of suppression—a protocol consisting only of so much truth as any given number of diplomats can unanimously agree to unveil. By that time the future government of the Principalities will be settled past recall. Meanwhile, we English, and other nations who have a certain interest in the subject, are amused by a variety of anticipative assurances; and the inhabitants of the Principalities, the very persons who are most immedi-

ately and vitally concerned, are treated to volunteer lectures on their presumption in expecting to be really consulted on the subject. For, after all, it does appear that the reference made to the Principalities themselves, through their provisional representative institutions, on the subject of union, is *not* a reality, but is "a sham." There is no great difficulty in forming a shrewd guess as to the nature of the arrangement, and as to the motives for it; and since we do not set up for any intellectual impeccability, we need not refrain from declaring what we believe the arrangement to be, and why.

Notwithstanding the efforts of Russia to prejudice the question of union at the Paris Conference, it was left an open question; and the Plenipotentiaries made the arrangement for the appointment of Commissioners to consult the inhabitants of the two provinces. The plan was, to procure for each province the election of a Council, called a Divan; and our readers are already familiar with the history of these elections. The Wallachians thus declared through their representatives in favor of union. The Moldavians first returned a Divan against union; but it was proved that the local Governor had packed the Divan, and that, as the only means of counteracting his corrupt proceeding, the Anti-Unionist party had entirely abstained from the election. A second election returned a Divan in favor of union. It is remarkable that down to this point there continued to appear on the Continent reports that the majority of the Powers were in favor of union; but by the time the Principalities have definitively pronounced their desire to that effect, then a new unanimity creeps over the Continent *against* the promised measure.

Mystification will never end. Some few months since, Russia was said to have been supported by France, Prussia, and Sardinia, in encouragement of the union; and the grounds stated were very plausible. Russia desired to unite the Principalities, to foster in them a feeling of self-reliance and even of independence, to prepare them for severance from the Porte; and then to play with Moldavia the same part which she had played with Lithuania, with Finland, and other once independent countries. France was said to be tired of the part of coadjutor with Eng-

land at the Conference; and, after having displayed a splendid gratitude for the support which England gave her in her compromised Eastern position, France was to exhibit an act of sublime ingratitude by turning against our own ally, setting Russia against England, and thus assuming to herself the hold of the balance of Europe. Alienated by the feeble and fallacious support that England had given to proposals for the improvement of Italy, Sardinia accepted the advances of Russia, and was also inclined to support the union of the Principalities, alike from hatred to Austria and sympathy with the aspirations after nationality. Royal Prussia was already a slave to the will of his Imperial brother-in-law. Thus the four Powers are fully accounted for. But reports continued on this side of the Channel, that the Turkish Government would never yield to a plan for loosening its hold over the Danubian Provinces; that Austria would continue firm in her antagonism to Russia; and that England would never give up her opinion in favor of strictly maintaining "the integrity of the Ottoman empire." Here was a dead lock!—four of the parties to the Conference for union, three against it, those three comprising the owner of the provinces. Even after Napoleon had visited Osborne, the phenomena of the French press seemed to contradict the assertions on this side that he had yielded to the British view. All these accounts of the position are so consistent that they look like history.

But suddenly all is changed; not only does the Austrian Government adumbrate its fidelity to the principle of non-union, but Prussia, who is joining with Austria in some remarkable movement on the South-western confines of Russia, equally declares, that although the sentiments of the Moldo-Wallachians will be received with respect, their wish can form only *one* element in the consideration of the subject. And the French press, with equal or greater suddenness, discovers that it has been all a mistake to suppose the French Government anxious for the union of the provinces; it was only anxious to ascertain the wish of the inhabitants—not to adopt that wish, but to treat that wish with respect. The Divans therefore appear to be nothing more than a solemn farce. The Powers have demanded valid elections in

order to have a genuine declaration of the Provinces, only to manifest respect in the form of declining. This is the point at which we have arrived now, just before the reassembling of the Paris Conference.

An expectation has been hinted that even Russia will have revised her intentions; and the idea is not altogether without plausibility. The reason is remarkable. The Divan of Moldavia has made a sufficiently distinct declaration of its wishes. It reasserts the local rights of the Principalities as confirmed by treaties with the Porte, in 1393, 1460, 1511, 1634; it requests a union of the Principalities, under an hereditary foreign prince, selected from one of the reigning dynasties; neutrality of the territory to be guaranteed; and legislative power to be reposed in a general representative assembly. The Principalities are right logically and morally; they are wrong diplomatically. They have not only declared in favor of union, which might have subverted the purpose of Russia, but they have shown what they want to *do* with union. They have conceived ideas of representative institutions,—perhaps something not so tame as the “Corps Législatif” which a Napoleon might grant; and above all, they wish to be reestablished in a substantive state under the name of “Roumania.” They remember their “nationality,” and they desire to have it recognized; an idea sufficient to turn cold the blood of Prussia, Austria, and even Russia, whose greatness has been fed upon mangled nationalities. This is a point which will restoke all the sympathies of these Powers to our official anxiety for “the integrity of the Ottoman empire.” The example of Roumania might awaken traditions of Poland, of Finland, of Hungary, of Transylvania, and Livonia, as it has already aroused old recollections in Serbia; and if the nationalities are again to have their map, what will become of the map of 1815, to which the reigning dynasties are so faithful—when it suits them? Our accomplished correspondent Mr. Freeman will be found arguing in our pages for the union of the Principalities, against all question of Ottoman expediency or Paris consistency, on the very ground that the Roumans are a nation, and must be recognized; while the newest diplomatic calculation is, that this assertion of nationality has broken up the combination of the Four Powers, who will now concur in refusing un-

ion, in alarm at the very sound of Roumania. Such is the “respect” with which the expressed wishes of the inhabitants are to be treated.

From The Spectator, 7 Nov.

THE SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN QUESTION.

A SENSATION has been created in the North of Europe by the resolve of the German Powers to take active measures in the affairs of Holstein and Schleswig. It is currently said that the Prince Regent of Prussia is displaying “extraordinary firmness” on the subject, and is preparing to exchange “the attitude of passiveness and neutrality” for some tremendous course which is called an “initiative policy.” Nor has Denmark been idle. After having broken faith with the Duchies, and used the Germanic form of succession to encroach upon the rights of the Danes, Denmark has for some time been engaged in framing a constitution, that would, in our English phrase, swamp her Germanic Duchies by incorporating them with the kingdom as a whole. To repeat our former parallel, it is much as if King William the Fourth, as King of Hanover, had assimilated the English crown to the Hanoverian succession, excluding our gracious Queen, and had merged Hanover in England, to the equal disgust of both countries. A certain degree of assent, however, was requisite to get over treaty difficulties which protected the Duchies. “Volenti non fit injuria,” and if the Duchies could only *seem* to be “volentes,” Royal Denmark could plead her assent against any German remonstrances. To that end, they were baited with all sorts of liberal concessions if they would agree to be submerged; but they have declined, and they fall back upon German support, to the danger of peace in Europe. There ought not to be much difficulty in settling the question, if we were to look to the rights of peoples whether territorial or political; but every European question has been vitiated, of late years, by the literal application of the policy which originated with Louis Quatorze, summed up in his celebrated dictum, “l'état, c'est moi.” A nation is like a private estate: it may be bought and sold or exchanged; it *must* go from father to son, an heirloom to grandchildren, and a dowry to daughters: the prince is the master, the territory is his land, the people are the live stock. This is the

meaning of "l'état, c'est moi"; in this policy lay the provocative of French revolutions, of Spanish revolutions, and Italian revolt; and from this principle of government also spring the difficulties of the Schleswig-Holstein question.

Strictly speaking, the question has become one of tenure; it is only in a secondary way that the popular question becomes involved through the questions of dynastic rights. We must, then, go to the beginning of things. It is needless to wade through the wastes of Germanic discussion, which, dull and dreary, has encumbered the last ten years of the world's existence. The Danes trace their rights up to an ancient proverb—"Eidora fluvius, terminus Imperii Romani"; a proof that "at the least" Schleswig, the duchy North of the river Eider belongs to Denmark. On the other side, the Germans cite innumerable passages which show that the provinces were German. Thus, even that primæval person Barbarossa, in his speech to the Papal Ambassadors, speaks of the two Duchies as German provinces; and the Kaiser Conrad II. was blamed by all the Princes of the Empire for not sufficiently protecting the "Margraviate" of Schleswig, a part of his dominions. This is the mystic stage of the Schleswig-Holstein question. For many hundred years, down to the middle of the fifteenth century, the two Duchies were independent states, governed by their native Princes, and retaining, like almost all states of small circumference, a considerable amount of political and social liberty. But it came to pass, through the havoc made by war and pestilence created in the middle ages, that all the branches of the two reigning families successively expired; and in the year 1459, the knights and burgesses of the Duchies assembled for the election of a common sovereign. After long debates, not unmingled with occasional hard fighting, they at last fixed upon Christian I., King of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway, as their "Duke," with the solemn understanding, duly protocollod and sworn, that the Duchies were to remain independent states, only recognizing the person of the Scandinavian King as their sovereign. This important deed between the representatives of the two Duchies and the elected King-Duke Christian I., was sealed and signed on both sides in the month of March 1460.

From this Christian I. descend the members of the present Danish Royal Family; and they consequently hold possession of Schleswig-Holstein, almost in the same manner and with the same right as the sovereigns of the house of Hanover held Great Britain. Unfortunately, however, Denmark has been sinking rapidly from her former high position. The little island-kingdom lost Sweden in 1523, and Norway in 1814; and having lost so much, the Danish Monarchs long since felt a natural desire to secure their few remaining dominions by concentrating their government into one state, forming a clearly rounded whole. Accordingly, almost all King-Dukes for the last three hundred years have tried to annex the Duchies to their kingdom. They worked, however, with no great amount of perseverance; and not until the middle of this century was any final step taken. On the 11th of July, 1846, Christian VIII made a formal claim to the absolute sovereignty, and followed up the claim by unconditionally annexing the Duchies to his kingdom. Schleswig as well as Holstein resisted, and appealed to the German Diet. The princely ambassadors at Frankfort, with the dilatory habit of diplomatists, moved slowly; and it was not until the German revolution of 1848 had given a sudden impulse to popular action, that the people at last decided the question for themselves. On the 25th March, 1849, the inhabitants of Schleswig and Holstein declared their independence of the crown of Denmark; and, by a vote of their representatives assembled at Rendsburg, they proclaimed themselves members of the German Confederation; calling upon the people and the princes of Germany to assist them in the struggle against their Duke.

The people, and some of the princes, obeyed the call, and the war began. Schleswig-Holstein was chiefly aided by Prussian troops, and some volunteers from the German Universities. On the other hand, Denmark had the "diplomatic" support of all the Great European Powers; who at last, in 1851, managed to settle the dispute—for a time. The German Diet was induced to disband the remains of its army, and to restore the personal authority of the King-Duke, on condition of his respecting the rights of his German states. That promise the King-Duke made.

But the old "whole-state" schemes soon began to work again. On the 28th January, 1852, the Government at Copenhagen issued a proclamation directing the formation of representative assemblies for the common affairs of the whole monarchy, the Duchies included. The Diet of Holstein protested, but in vain; and on the 26th July, 1854, the common constitution for the whole monarchy was promulgated. By this constitution, many of the most important local affairs of the Duchies, including political rights, were merged in the general rights and business of the kingdom as a whole. We have already described the course of the dispute. The Holstein Diet, finding its protest at Copenhagen received without attention, appealed to Austria and Prussia, as contracting parties to the peace of 1851, and sponsors for Denmark in her promise to respect the rights of the German Duchies. Among other specific allegations by the Diet, is the statement that during the years 1855 and 1856, the Duchy of Holstein has been over-taxed to the amount of 800,000 dollars (about £120,000) in favor of Denmark. The King does not deny his tendencies towards annexation; but his plea, couched in diplomatic language, amounts to this—that the annexation is necessary to his royal comfort, and to his project of consolidating his kingdom. The practical question at present is, how far certain views of expediency in protecting German rights against Scandinavian encroachments may induce Austria and Prussia to support the Duchies against those consolidating plans which have been patronized by Russia; and it is a question for us, how far English Ministers, who have hitherto supported the Danish King against his German subjects, will follow up that course of policy in the altered state of Europe. It is one of the questions which the present state of diplomacy will perhaps prevent our knowing anything about until it is settled, without much reference to the opinions or interests of any people, Schleswig-Holstein or English. It is to be noted, however, that in the present contest the Danes, indulging Scandinavian antipathies, are accomplices of their King in endeavoring to put down long-established popular rights.

From The Saturday Review, 14 Nov.
THE CRISIS.

THE second suspension of the Bank Act is

a far more serious matter than the first relaxation of its provisions while it was yet in its infancy, and little understood. Departures from the letter of the law, however special may be the occasion for them, tend, by repetition, to become part and parcel of the law itself; and, when it has once come to be the recognized rule to disregard statutory provisions in certain conjunctures, the practical effect is just the same as if the occasional irregularity were provided for by express clauses in the Act itself. When Lord John Russell issued his famous letter in 1847, the immediate results were so far good, that they at once allayed the unreasonable panic which then aggravated the difficulties of the time, while no immediate harm resulted, because the state of the exchanges was such that the Bank was under no temptation to use the additional facilities which were given to it. The step was unquestionably wise with reference to the emergency of the moment, but it was fraught with future mischief, of which we are now feeling the effects. It is now matter of history that the provisions of the Bank Act were capable of coping with the difficulties of 1847, for, in point of fact, those provisions were never departed from; but the indulgence then granted to the Bank fostered doubts of the efficiency of the Act, and laid the foundation for future panics, to be relieved by further concessions. A very short time will show whether the present relaxation can be defended on the same grounds which justified that of 1847. It is not quite certain yet whether the drain of specie which was going on until within the last few days has definitely ceased. Probably the present rates will suffice to prevent any further exportation. If so, the events of 1847 will be substantially repeated; and the power of issuing an indefinite number of notes will for the moment be beneficial, because the call for it will have sprung from the fears rather than from the wants of the commercial world. If a child cries for the moon, you may perhaps save him from convulsions by promising it, if you are quite sure that the promise, without the performance will quiet his demand; and it is only under the same conditions that the City can be safely indulged in its outcry for more money than there is in the world. But the unfortunate consequence of such policy is, that the promise however absurd, will be re-

ferred to as a precedent whenever fresh troubles bring on a renewed call for impossible relief.

The truth is, that neither Sir Robert Peel's Act nor any legislation whatever can prevent panic from increasing commercial embarrassment and distress. If the existing troubles were exclusively due to the foreign demand created by the American crisis, the issue of more notes would give no permanent relief, but would serve only to increase the drain of gold. So far, however, as the pressure has been aggravated by internal panic, Lord Palmerston's letter will bring an immediate alleviation. It is a concession to the loss of confidence which has not unnaturally resulted from the failures that have occurred among ourselves, as well as in the United States. We do not say that the concession could have been avoided in the face of the panic which everywhere existed; but we cannot disguise the fact that the desperate remedy applied to relieve the disorders of the moment will tell hereafter upon our mercantile stability. It is impossible to gratify demands founded on a panic without increasing the risk of its recurrence.

The advocates of every wild scheme of currency expansion will doubtless seize upon recent events as testimonies against the wisdom of the Act of 1844. Yet no inference could be more unfounded. No one can justly pretend that the Bank Act has caused or contributed to the present disasters. If the Bank had all through enjoyed absolute liberty to issue notes at pleasure, it could not have safely taken any other course than it has done. Could it have maintained lower rates of discount? Certainly not; for bullion has been going out of the country during the whole crisis, and nothing less than a rate of £10 per cent. has sufficed to check it. Whatever the law has prohibited, common prudence would equally have forbidden in the absence of any law. The real effect of the suspension of the Act will be not so much to increase the power of the Bank to accommodate the public as to reduce the demand for assistance to its legitimate amount. Legally, it is true there is now no limit to the notes which the Bank may advance to applicants for discount; but the actual limit on the Bank's power is imposed by the necessity of ensuring the convertibility of its notes. The law of the land merely enforced

the restrictions which the natural law of trade imposed, and the removal of the statutory obligation will not relieve the Bank from the necessity of conforming to the dictates of prudence, which are identical with the commands of the suspended law. A moment's consideration of what is actually happening will show how idle it would be to attribute the evil to our currency legislation. All over the world there is a greedy demand for money. The rate of interest for advances is far beyond the permanent rate of interest on capital, which is simply a proof that the whole circulation of the world is insufficient to carry on the business for which it amply sufficed a few months ago. Why is this, but because the amount of trade which can be conducted with a given quantity of money depends on the degree of confidence which prevails? In ordinary times, a few millions of gold and notes, aided by the general system of credit, will serve to transact all the business of the markets. But let a panic come, and the supplementary forms of credit lose nearly all their efficiency, and straightway it requires a circulation of perhaps two or three times the ordinary value to satisfy the demands of trade. If the change were gradual, the compensation would be afforded, without a shock, by the increase in the exchangeable value of money, through a fall of prices. This would require no addition to the nominal amount of gold or notes. But the progress of alarm is as rapid as the electric telegraph. The change of feeling in a single day may paralyse the regular action of credit to such an extent as to require many millions of money to carry on the business for which a fraction of that amount would before have sufficed. Then the dread of matters getting worse brings thousands of applicants for discounts, not because they want them at the time, but because they may want them hereafter, and are afraid lest the sources of supply should be dried up. Then come runs upon banks, which are compelled to keep a reserve in their tills far beyond what the ordinary necessities of business require. Thus one man's need reacts upon another's fears, until the demand for money grows to dimensions out of all proportion to the permanent requirements of trade.

Now, what is the cure for these things? Not legislation of any kind. So long as the appetite for money is liable to violent and

sudden fluctuations of this magnitude, no machinery will keep it supplied. It is no more possible to legislate beforehand for a panic than for a revolution. The Bank Act does secure us a supply of circulation which will never oscillate far on either side of our actual wants; but no legislation can furnish an adequate supply of any commodity, the demand for which is every now and then magnified by fear to double or treble its natural proportions. If a sudden dread of famine were to come over us whenever corn is dear, and induce every one who had a shilling to spare to rush to the market and lay in a year's stock of flour, we should have half the population starved in earnest. We don't do this, because we trust free-trade in corn to set us right. We do rush for accommodation whenever gold is scarce, because we have not learned to trust to the working of a system which is in fact free-trade in gold. Until this truth is brought home to us, we shall never be able to get through a season of pressure without increasing its evils by exaggerated fears; and every attempt to throw upon Acts of Parliament the blame which is due to our own selfish folly, will only postpone the time when a more wholesome feeling shall render a run for gold as obsolete as a rush for corn has now become.

From The Spectator, 7 Nov.

THE SEPOY PROCLAMATIONS AND LETTERS.

It is impossible to avoid smiling at the style in which the Sepoys of the Fifty-second Bengal Infantry address their Colonel, "his Excellency the Lord of Clemency, the Bountiful of the Age," &c. But there is no doubt that half of the absurdity lies in the strange tongue, with its idiom, which has not the same force to those who read it idiomatically that it has to us. How ridiculous is a French letter translated into English; and the more polished the letter the more foolish it reads. How laughable to readers in a distant country would be an English letter with some hostile purpose and its polite if not affectionate closing; the writer ending "my dear Sir, believe me to remain yours truly"! But, apart from the style, there is also something that is not easy to translate in the very substance of the Sepoy letter. The men are committing that which in our country is regarded as a great crime—deserting; yet

from the gist of their composition it is evident that they do not know the amount of the offence. They imagine that they are in some degree squaring accounts by leaving their property behind them; and it is impossible to resist a belief that to a certain extent they act upon our own principle of self-defence. The Havildar-Major had told them, they say, that the Madras Sepoys were to seize the arms of the regiment and to kill the men: "if he had not said this, we would not have deserted and saved our lives by flight." They remind their Colonel, that when an Adjutant was attacked, they seized the Sepoy, and that the regiment had been faithful in previous times of peril, although the Madras troops were not present. This representation is at least plausible. It is quite possible that the men believed the Madras troops to have been brought up for the purpose of their destruction; and from the manner in which their letter to the Colonel was answered, he seems to have thought that they were speaking in good faith, though acting under a false impression. They could not understand the arrangement of the Europeans; is it certain that we can understand all their movements and intentions? We remember some time since how the *Times* made merry with the exercises of certain Hindoo youths in British colleges, who had attempted to show off their scholarship by proposing and solving problems that were to us simply ridiculous: their compositions proved how difficult it was for the cleverest Hindoo minds, even at a docile age, to catch the purpose and spirit of British instruction.

Whether we look to the polite literature of the Fifty-second Bengal Infantry regiment, or to the most hostile proclamations thundered at the British by the Government at Delhi and other Native leaders, we find the same essentially different strain of thought and feeling. There is indeed one qualification to be taken with regard to all these documents; they come to us by channels that are not entirely without question. The proclamation of the King of Delhi seems to have been a placard; its wide diffusion shows that it had some common purpose; and it may be said that the edicts of revolutionary governments do not need authentication. Another specimen of the seditious literature is said to have been found among the papers of one of the rebels, and the story is not im-

probable. The so-called proclamations of Nena Sahib appear to have been posted up in places subject to his authority. The composition which was found among the papers was the prayer of Shunkur Shah, the old Rajah of Gond: it expresses an earnestness of devotion truly Oriental, praying for the scattering of the English as if our race were a nuisance and a pest. Nothing can be more shocking to us than the description of the way in which women have been massacred and children destroyed; but Shunkur Shah makes the destruction of "the enemy and their families" the object of a direct prayer to "the terrible mother Devej," whom he requests to "eat the unclean race." Here is a combination of ideas which the English apprehension not only fails to seize but repels. Let us imagine a prayer asking a superior being to *eat* that which is unclean, and we shall see how thoroughly different from our own must be the Hindoo notion of worship, of Divine intervention, of Divine attributes, and of blessings for the world. To us the sentiment of this prayer is diabolical; yet there appears no reason to imagine that the old Shah was an unredeemed fiend. He evidently had some qualities which we admire—amongst them fortitude under a horrible fate.

The most remarkable of these compositions, however, are those which purport to be proclamations issued by Nena Sahib. They come to us without authentication; but on the other hand, there appears to be no motive for fabricating them, and certainly they are in harmony both with the supposed genius of that monster rebel and with the exigencies of his position. The first, dated July 1st, is couched in these terms—

"As, by the kindness of God and the ikbal or good fortune of the Emperor, all the Christians who were at Delhi, Poonah, Sata-rah, and other places, and even those 5000 European soldiers who went in disguise into the former city and were discovered, are destroyed and sent to hell by the pious and sagacious troops, who are firm to their religion, and as they have all been conquered by the present Government, and as no trace of them is left in these places, it is the duty of all the subjects and servants of the Government to rejoice at the delightful intelligence, and to carry on their respective work with comfort and ease."

The next bears the same date and is ex-

actly to the same effect; but its preamble is more eloquent: "As, by the bounty of the glorious Almighty God and the enemy-destroying fortune of the Emperor, the yellow-faced and narrow-minded people have been sent to hell, and Cawnpore has been conquered." On these grounds, while the public servants are bound cheerfully "to engage their whole mind in executing the orders of the Government," "it is the incumbent duty of all the ryots and landed proprietors of every district to rejoice at the thought that the Christians have been sent to hell, and both the Hindoo and Mahometan religions have been confirmed." A third paper is an order addressed by Nena Sahib to the Mayor of Cawnpore, directing him to contradict rumors that European soldiers had arrived at Allahabad, in order to prevent the alarmed townspeople from running away. The Mayor is to proclaim that regiments of cavalry and infantry and batteries have been despatched to check the Europeans; so that the people shall remain in their houses without apprehension and engage their minds in their work. The mere style of these compositions is enough to prove that the writer is not actuated by feelings common to the two races. In the announcement that "both the Hindoo and Mahometan religions have been confirmed by the destruction of the Christians," we see the craft of the Mussulmen playing upon the Hindoo so nakedly that it is difficult for us to understand how the fact cannot have been equally obvious to the Hindoos themselves; yet they have evidently been led for a time into an attempt at restoring Mussulman supremacy in lieu of the milder and more tolerable rule of the British. With those essential differences in feelings, views, and even in the use of language, how impossible it is for the two races to come to a clear mutual understanding! We can scarcely measure the amount of moral culpability in our adversaries; for, with their training, religion approves their treachery and destructive fanaticism, and modifies the criminality of their most barbarous conduct. To them the brutal slaughter of women and children is justified by some religious sanction. A Nena Sahib is a noxious brute, whom we may treat as a natural enemy and extirpate as we would a hyæna; but even the hyæna we do not hold to be morally responsible, as a man would be.

If there are these excuses for the barbarians, it is impossible for us to deny that there have been amongst them many instances of great kindness and of chivalrous devotion. Several cases of generous and gallant conduct have been related, in order to prove that the majority of the Native chiefs, and the people generally, are not with the mutineers, but are with the British. The private letters teem with narrations of both Hindoos and Mussulmans who have entered the field in arms to fulfil their contracts with the British; who have continued faithful to us even when they were themselves supposed to be treacherous; who have saved the lives of officers and fugitives, and have refused all reward; who have gone through great trouble and danger in order to secure the safety of the most helpless. At present we are contending with an immense force of mutineers; the military organized force of Bengal, whom we should have called out to put down the civil inhabitants of the latter, has rebelled; and it certainly proves a great amount of attachment to the British if the Natives can muster any show of antagonism to the action of the Sepoys. Yet the instances, as we have said, are innumerable; and it would as yet be quite impossible to determine what is the proportion of treachery or fidelity.

These are considerations which must qualify our judgment in criticizing the conduct of those who are now responsible in India. To combat the Sepoys is a plain duty, and the course is direct; but how are we to deal with Sepoys who are less hostile than misled, who believe themselves to be flying for life? If the Natives exhibit an amusing trait which is like a childishness or puerility never outgrown, are not the persons charged with the practical administration of the country bound to consider that undeveloped condition of their subjects? If we make allowances for inferiority of race, barbaric training, and natural fears, how much larger allowance must we make in consideration of truly meritorious conduct and of heroic services? When these considerations are taken into account, we find that, simple as the principles of our own Government may be, the treatment of the Hindoos in detail is neither so simple nor so self-evident a thing as some easy writers would represent it.

From *The Spectator*, 31 Oct.

THE "FREE AFRICAN" TRADE.

THE slave-trade has been renewed exactly

as we expected, in a new form suggested by the practical example at Whydah. An ingenious Frenchman, M. Régis, invented a plan of conveying free Africans from Whydah to Guadaloupe and Martinique; one of the colonies accepted the proposal, and free Africans have accordingly been carried over. It is also reported that other cargoes have been landed in French Guiana. In these colonies, the Negroes are to labor at the pay of 11 francs a month for ten years,—at least that is stated to be the rate of wages which a free African can earn. Should the French West Indies be brought to a very high state of productivity, perhaps Negro wages might rise; but if they were to rise to a rate inconvenient for French employers, the remedy would be easy,—an importation of new free Africans would augment the supply of labor in proportion to the demand, and wages would be kept down. It is therefore anticipated that the Negro will be very wretched either in the French West Indies or in Guiana, and a species of protest has been made against the new traffic. French casuists might retort, that the objections to the transshipment of Negroes apply with equal force to the importation of Indian coolies in the British West Indies, and still more to the importation of Chinese. We know how essentially different are the cases; but the retort is one which, whether fair or not, may be used against us in any European council.

But there are worse objections to the new French traffic: it has been imitated by Spaniards, Portuguese, and Americans. The demand for "free" Africans on the West Coast having exceeded the supply, it became necessary to stimulate the collection of the commodity, and the local chiefs have resorted to a very summary process. They have set to work in order to hunt up recruits, and the Black authorities do it very much upon the plan of our old pressgangs: they take the free Africans, willy-nilly, and accept a bonus on the transaction; they catch them as prisoners of war, detain them as slaves, and sell them as "free." It is a slave-trade in the name of free emigration; and the *Daily News* calls upon Lord Palmerston and Lord Shaftesbury to lay their heads together for the purpose of carrying out a better slave-trade suppression.

"A rose by any other name would smell as sweet," and slave-trade by any other name has as shocking an odor. Whether the

Africans are called free or bond, the results to themselves bodily are likely to be much the same, if the new free slave-trade were to go on under the condition of the old traffic. Nevertheless, there are serious difficulties in the recommencement of the crusade. Our treaties and conventions with various foreign countries stipulate that they shall not tolerate the traffic in slaves, but the same treaties have no force as against the migration of free Africans. We have ourselves set an example of that migration from Sierra Leone. If we object that in the new case the Africans were originally captured as slaves and freed subsequently, that is exactly the story of the Negroes of our own colony. It would seem as if M. Régis and his legal friends had been too sharp for us. We have a great alliance against the slave-trade, but it never occurred to us to render the same alliance operative against "free" emigration: and in order to render it so, we must revise the whole of our treaties, and obtain the consent of the several powers for the suppression of the free traffic. Such an agreement, however, is most improbable. Our own Emancipation scheme has not been so very successful as to have great moral force with slave-owning countries. Our chief ally, upon whose support we rest so much in Europe, evidently does not incline to carry out the league against the new form of slave-trade. We have only with great difficulty succeeded in keeping up the armed coöperation against the slave-trade; and the tendency to mutiny among our half-coerced allies has been very considerable. The French have never been cordially with us, and they have kept up a joint fleet as much out of jealousy as anything else. The Americans have refused to allow that "right of search" which is requisite to prevent the flag of any nation from being a cover for the slave-trade properly so called. The state which has really acted most cordially with us, Brazil, we have treated with an oppressive hauteur. It has been only by the force of our influence, our strength at sea, and perpetual concessions to purchase agreement on this particular point, that we have managed to keep the league on foot, and at any moment the defection of France would have gone far to break it down. Our position has become so difficult and faulty, that we are not likely to obtain the same agreement on totally new grounds, professedly going far beyond the grounds that we have already occupied.

It is certain that Lord Palmerston has been perfectly in earnest on the subject of the slave-trade; but how is he to *act*—what can he *do*? To what court can he appeal for the interpretation and enforcement of the slave-trade treaties? To the Powers?—We know beforehand what their judgment would be. To our principal ally? To the United States?—Nowhere could Lord Palmerston command any influential backing. The only resource, then, is to enforce the slave-trade treaties by the means of our naval strength, in other words by war afloat. But in the present state of Europe, with an Indian war on hand, and without a cordial alliance anywhere save in France, Lord Palmerston would incur a great responsibility if he were to attempt an enforcement of the slave-trade treaties by naval broadsides.

It would seem probable, therefore, that in spite of the earnestness of Lord Palmerston, and of the religious feeling of Lord Shaftesbury, we must perforce fall back upon the common rule of life. We cannot compel France and other foreign states to regulate their conduct by our sense of right and wrong; and we must content ourselves with doing what we think right, and compelling no more than our own family to follow the same law.

• Out of evil cometh good. No course of action has committed England to so many embarrassments and mistakes as the slave-trade suppression. It has placed the Mother-country in a false position with many of her own colonies; it has made us win small African concessions from European states at the cost of larger European concessions; it has rendered us odious for a petty dictation to those who should be our friends. Perhaps the compulsory abandonment of the policy may better the condition of England in Europe.

Nor is it to be assumed that even the African will suffer in the long run. We have yet to be satisfied that the position of an African as a slave in America is worse than that of an African as a slave in Africa. It has been the attempt at the compulsory suppression of slavery which has, more than anything else, prevented the education of the African in America; which has checked the national tendency to transfer him from African deserts to Anglo-Saxon civilization. Should the Negro population of America be very greatly multiplied, it will necessarily acquire a larger share of attention and consideration; its civilization *must* be attended to; and Africa after all may be civilized in America. This result would happen the more speedily should England lend her influence in a friendly instead of a compulsory form.

From *Tait's Magazine*.

THE SMUGGLER'S REVENGE: A SEASIDE YARN.

Come list awhile unto a greybeard's story.—*Old Play.*A fearful tale—the truth were worse.—*P. B. Shelley.*

IN the year 179—, some five miles from the place where I am now writing, lived John Brown, the son of a substantial yeoman-farmer, and the hero of the tale I am now about to tell—a fine, jovial, open-hearted young fellow was he in those days, handsome enough to turn the heads of half the girls within an afternoon's ride of his father's homestead, where but for his restless dislike of any settled mode of life, he might perhaps have been now leading a tranquil old age. But the life of a farmer had no charms for him. "A life of excitement for me!" said the wilful young man to his father's remonstrance, "none of your hum-drum, stay-at-home, fire-side happiness for Jack Brown." And, so thinking, he soon joined a band of smugglers, who at that time infested this coast. In those days smuggling was not only more common but less disreputable than now. France being almost closed to fair traders by war, those who required such fripperies as muslins, and the like, or such creature comforts as Cognac, were obliged—if they studied economy—to buy them in the cheapest market; and this was in the hands of the smugglers, who at that time formed no inconsiderable proportion of England's maritime population. Young Brown, who from his childhood had been used to the sea, in a short time from the opening of this narrative had, by his energy and aptness for command, elicited warm praises from his brother smugglers, and was speedily elected captain of as "rakish" a looking lugger, called "the Petrel," as ever baffled a King's cruiser. Once in every week or two the Petrel brought in the much coveted muslins and silks for the ladies, and the Cognac, &c., for their liege lords, who, however much they might reprobate smugglers and smuggling in public, had not the least objection to become purchasers in private of the smugglers' wares, at far lower rates than they could have purchased them of the fair traders as by law protected and recognized.

Among Brown's intimate companions, was an old schoolfellow, who had joined him in

his contraband cruises, a man of two or three-and-twenty, by name George Gilbert, the son of a gentleman in reduced circumstances, and who, having been wild at college, to which by his father, at great personal inconvenience, he had been sent, for he was a youth of promise, in expectation of then doing something good for himself, had some months returned home, and growing tired of family reproaches, and having too much spirit to wish to live as a pensioner on paternal good nature, had joined the Petrel's adventurers. Brown and he were friends, yet never were two men more utterly dissimilar in mind and body. By the side of the genial Jack Brown, the quiet, saturnine George Gilbert made a poor figure—yet there was more in him than a stranger would have supposed—as the smugglers soon discovered. Stern in feature, with a face whereon a smile seldom beamed—and then it was a smile more unpleasant than any frown—with nothing genial about it—cold as moonlight—a smile of mingled bitterness and contempt, George Gilbert, nevertheless, was emphatically the brain of the Petrel's crew. He it was who planned for others to execute. Whenever a cool, calculating spirit, a keen eye and indomitable perseverance were required, Gilbert was the man who furnished them; whenever a dashing enterprise was to be carried out by a strong nerve, a reckless heart, and an iron hand, then Jack Brown was truly "Jack at a pinch." Little wonder then if, with two such men banded together in one cause, the Petrel soon became famous for successful cruises, and hair-breadth escapes,—or that her crew who were all bound together in a kind of partnership, soon were in a good way to realise a handsome livelihood by their nefarious practices, in spite of the revenue.

Now, although it is by no means my intention to dose my readers with too much sentimentality in these veritable chronicles, still I suppose I should be lessening whatever interest my story may possess, by omitting such love matters as are necessary to that story's development.

Let me be brief, however.

Jack Brown wooed and won as pretty a girl as ever wore a contraband silk dress, or kissed a handsome young smuggler,—Kate Furness. It was likewise surmised at the time that George Gilbert—though he had

never shown any feeling of interest when Brown announced his engagement to his lady love—had at one time been a suitor for Kate's hand. Scandal said that she had not treated the young man quite fairly—that, though she had up to a certain period encouraged his addresses, the moment Brown appeared on the field she had slighted Gilbert in a manner undeserved—for, however harsh and unamiable in other respects might have been the character of George Gilbert, he loved her with all that deep—I had well nigh said—stern attachment of which such natures—and such only—are capable. Just before she formally declined his suit, he had led a steadier life, and had promised, if she would only offer him an object in view, that he would go to London and there make use of his talents to retrieve the past, and brighten the future. But, no—Brown was a handsome, dashing, young sailor, and poor George was a man destitute of such advantages, and consequently, was, like many a better man by many a more foolish girl, jilted. And so, like a sensible man, for a time he bore the blow in silence, and endeavored to make the best of it. True, she had deceived him, and then as coldly undeceived him, and then given him for his pains a sneer and his *congé*. No matter; pride would enable him to bear it, and for a while pride did.

One evening, as he was strolling homewards along the cliff, he saw the two lovers, Brown and his affianced, sitting among the bushes in a loving *tête-à-tête*. Having no wish to play the part of a listener, he was turning away, when he heard his name mentioned. He had been more than man if he had not paused awhile *then*. Involuntarily he listened and soon verified in his own person, the old proverb, that "listeners hear no good of themselves;" for Kate was just then telling Brown the issue of poor Gilbert's unsuccessful suit, adding thereto sundry facetious comments of her own, which went like swords through the heart of the proud man who heard every word then spoken, and never forgot or forgave one—and Jack Brown, with a horse-laugh, said, "Poor devil!" till he roared again. Little thought fickle Kate Furness, that pleasant evening, of the fearful consequences that would ensue from those foolish words of hers, spoken, after all, in merry jest, but taken by one of the listeners

in fierce revengeful earnest—little thought she how a moment had alienated from her the faithful heart that had loved her for years. Little thought Brown how his coarse laugh, in which there was not the least particle of ill nature, had severed a friendship that had existed from childhood between himself and his old school-fellow, Gilbert, turning the friend into a deadly enemy henceforward. But it was so. From that hour Gilbert hated Kate and Brown with all that intensity which belongs to temperaments like his.

Still, Gilbert and Brown sailed together as heretofore, till one day as they were cruising off Jersey, a few hasty words between the two led to a quarrel—blows were exchanged, and the combatants were separated by their crew. Directly they landed, Gilbert demanded satisfaction on the spot, and Brown, after a few well meant but vain attempts at reconciliation, took his ground and shot his *quondam* friend through the arm. At his own request Gilbert was left behind in St. Heliers, and the Petrel sailed home. His wound, which was a simple flesh wound, rapidly healed, and from that time his connection with the Petrel ceased. But he had formed his plan already to crush his hated rival.

In a few months Brown was married to Kate Furness, and for a year all went on happily. Gilbert, by exerting what little interest his father possessed with the county members, procured an appointment in the coast-guard, and from that day it was remarked that more seizures were made along the shore, and the Petrel went more rarely to the coast of France. Knowing well the character of the man they had lost as a friend, the Petrel's crew became dispirited, and Brown speedily found that the worst day's work he ever did was his quarrel with George Gilbert.

One dark night, however, after they had ascertained that Gilbert was on the sick list, the smugglers had arranged to effect a landing of several tubs of spirits, and this was to be brought about as follows:

About a mile from their usual landing-place, where the shore was less rocky than nearer home, to a stile, on the summit of the cliff, was attached a strong block and pulley, with one man to work it, a second as a general assistant in case of need, and a third some quarter of a mile off on the look out.

Then the lugger ran in shore as close as possible, and the tubs were floated off and conveyed by the smugglers to a snug cranny, there affixed to the pulley, and then wound up to the brow of the cliff, when they were conveyed by the second man to the third, who soon disposed of them in a convenient stackyard, to wait till called for. But the smugglers had "reckoned without their host," as the saying is. The sick-list was merely a sham, and in less time than served to convey four tubs up to the stile from the beach, a shrill whistle from the smuggler's outpost, announced that danger was abroad. The smugglers on the beach regained their lugger and awaited the safe advent of the rest to sheer off. But it was too late. George Gilbert, with four or five men, was running to the scene of action, the smugglers on the high-ground were intercepted, and after a short conflict were worsted, and by Brown's order retired, leaving one of their number shot through the body on the grass, and Brown himself a prisoner, though not before he had sent a bullet through the hat of one and the leg of another of his assailants.

He was dragged off to the Preventive station, and there detained in safe custody till morning when he could be taken before a magistrate. "During that night he bitterly reproached Gilbert with his treachery in turning his hand against his former shipmates, and taking advantage of the knowledge he had acquired on board the *Petrel*, to capture her captain. He then went on to ask his old schoolfellow if he thought that a mere foolish quarrel justified such hatred as his. For a few minutes, Gilbert looked at him with a smile of hate, blended strangely with contempt, ere he replied:

"Think you, Brown, that a petty squabble like that would have really turned the old friend of twenty years standing into a life-long foe, or that a few blackguard words, followed by a well-directed bullet from a wrong-headed idiot like you, could have made me what I am? No—it needed something more to do that."

"And that something was?" asked Brown, eagerly, in spite of himself—

"Listen, and you shall know a secret," said the other.

"A year or two ago I loved deeply, purely and truly, a village girl. Aye—you may smile, smile—but men like me *can* love as

well—or far better than people of your kind—your love may have been a plaything for your vanity—mine was the one hope of life. I loved—was rejected, after having been coldly deceived—and loved on still. I could have borne that. Aye—I loved and was a fool for my pains. She I loved might have been a girl with no more heart than head—a jilt—but though thus driven from the only hope whereby my soul then seemed to anchor—my trusting love flung in my face—I forgave *that*, and would have carried my secret forgivingly to my grave. She loved another; and I was to furnish mirth for my rival. Well—one evening I was walking out over yonder cliff—I saw her sitting by the side of him she loved—who could not love her with half the intensity I had done—I heard words of endearment—words I shall never more hear or speak in this world now—then I heard my name mentioned with many a heartless jest by her, for whom I had suffered so much unrepiningly. I heard enough to tell me that in their eyes I was fit to be mocked and sneered at by a false coquette—to be the topic of the coarse jests of an empty-headed boor. My blood was turned to gall—that night I swore a bitter oath—I have kept the first part of it already—for that girl was Kate Furness, and that man was—yourself; aye—you—John Brown—the prisoner of the Coast Guard to-night—the committed for trial to-morrow—the transported—if there be justice in the land—at the next assizes. And I *will* keep that oath still further."

So saying, he walked out and left his prisoner to his reflections—which were not of a very pleasant nature. Not that the stout heart of Brown feared for himself—but for his wife who was hourly expecting her confinement. He knew that, if he was transported, she could be at the mercy of Gilbert in some measure; and he knew enough of the ingenuity of his captor to feel sure that he would allow nothing to balk him of his revenge.

"Scoundrel!" shouted he in his despair, "if I ever hear that my wife and the child yet unborn suffer aught at your devilish hands,—I will come back, if it be three thousand miles and twenty years hence, to take such a revenge as man shall never forget."

These words were heard—not by the ear for which they were intended—but by one of

the coast guard outside the prisoner's door, who remembered them long after the prisoner was wearing his heart out in a foreign land.

Brown was tried—found guilty of smuggling and firing, with intent to kill, at two of His Majesty's revenue officers, &c., and sentenced to death—which was commuted to transportation beyond the seas for the term of his natural life." There was what the local newspapers of the day called "an affecting scene in court," when his grey-headed father entreated the mercy of the stern Judge on the prisoner for the sake of his poor wife and his unborn child. There was a yell of execration from the assembled mob outside the Sessions-House as Gilbert passed out—to which that amiable personage vouchsafed a contemptuous sneer as sole reply. And in a few months the capture of the Petrel by the ever vigilant Gilbert broke up Brown's gang, and the story of the trial and the sentence were speedily forgotten, save by the convict's wife and a few sympathisers, smugglers, who, over their pipes and grog, would often avouch their opinion that Brown would yet come back again to keep his oath, of which—thanks to that loquacious member of the coast guard who originally overheard it—they were aware. With one of these men Brown kept up a correspondence and thus knew every thing that took place in his absence. But Gilbert appeared to have forgotten his old grudge against Kate, and so Brown's heart grew light on that score. The revenue officer only bided his time till he could wreak his vengeance more terribly through her son.

Twenty years had passed away from the night when Jack Brown was taken by the Coast Guard, and Mrs. Brown, who had been established by her relatives in a shop in the town adjoining her girlhood's home, was, with a few friends celebrating the birthday of her son Harry, a fine young man who had inherited from his father a handsome face, an athletic frame, and as adventurous a spirit as his who was far away. His mother was calling to mind her long-lost husband, and instituting fond comparisons between him and her wild boy, regretting that both would follow a lawless course of life, when a tap came at the door, it was opened, and in walked Gilbert and two of his followers. The poor mother

saw all at a glance. Rushing to the side window, she threw it up, and screaming "Fly—dearest Harry—fly!" endeavored to impede the further advance of the officers. The effort was useless; in a moment they had dragged him from the window, and had led him away a prisoner to the door, where he stood breathless with impotent rage and astonishment at the suddenness of his capture. Poor Mrs. Brown rushed to the door, and then stood wringing her hands in all the helplessness of despair, till she saw the men preparing to march Harry off, when she said:

"George Gilbert, I did not think two and twenty years ago, when you and I stood together in my father's garden, that you would ever bring me sorrow like this—that you could ever ruin the husband and child of one who never sought to injure you or yours."

"Softly, my dear madam," sneered Gilbert, in a fierce whisper, which, though unheard by his men, was perfectly audible to the wretched mother. "Do you remember sitting on the cliff twenty-one years ago, and giggling with John Brown, at that 'poor simpleton, George Gilbert,' as you then phrased it, as though a proud man's love were worthy of nothing more than a weak girl's heartless laughter?" Then, motioning her a few steps further off his men and their prisoner, he continued, "if *you* have forgotten that, I have not—do you remember it, Mrs. Brown, *now*?"

She *did*, indeed, remember all too well. "George," gasped she, "mercy—mercy for the sake of my boy who never harmed you. I was but a silly girl in those days—you will not—you cannot seek to crush my home for such a girlish folly as that. George—if you ever loved me, pity me now. I have been punished already too far by the loss of poor John. Is there *no* mercy, George?" asked she, looking up imploringly into the Revenue officer's stern face, which for an instant worked convulsively, and then subsided into its wonted passionless expression.

After a while he answered in a husky voice,

"Kate Brown! think of what I *might* have been; for, though the son of a ruined father, I had, some fools said, talent, and I would, for *your* sake, have yet made a place for us in the world—and then think of all I have suffered—think of what I am—the detested Revenue spy. Think of the strug-

gle that must have been *here*, where a heart once was, ere love was turned to undying hate like mine, and then ask yourself if there can be any mercy for *you*, at the hands of a man like me?"

She answered not a word, but gazed at him like one distraught, as he said to his men,—

"Now, my lads, away with him," and turning to the weeping mother added, "to share, I hope, if not at present, his father's fate," and the young man was dragged off. But the party had not advanced many yards when, with an effort of desperate strength, he wrested his arm from one of his captors, knocked him down, and snatching the cutlass from the other's grasp, struck him a fearful blow across the head. The man fell bleeding at his feet, as Harry, waving his weapon, shouted to Gilbert to come on. In an instant Gilbert, who was some yards in the rear, stood before him, and pointing a pistol at the young man's breast, said, in a voice of quiet determination,—

"Young man, will you surrender, and come quietly with me?"

The only answer vouchsafed by the gallant young smuggler, was a rapid thrust at the officer, who as quickly parried it with his cutlass, and saying, "Your blood be upon your own head!"—fired. Harry Brown bounded up in the air and fell on his face at Gilbert's feet, stark dead, with a bullet through his heart.

The neighbors, hearing the report, rushed out with lights to the scene, and there found Gilbert standing, with a pistol in one hand and his sword in the other. Even his iron heart relented, and his eyes grew dim as the childless mother flung herself upon the body of the dead boy, and poured forth her lament over him, in all the wild eloquence of sorrow. And Harry Brown shortly after was borne to the churchyard, and buried under the grey wall looking seaward; and every day for three wretched months did his heart-broken mother come to sit upon her child's grave, to mourn, like Rachel of old, refusing to be comforted.

Her mind, which had never been strong, gave way at last, and in six months from her son's death reason fled forever. She went to reside with a relative of her husband's, as a hopeless idiot. She was very quiet and per-

fectly inoffensive, and spent long hours each day in sitting on the brow of the cliff, looking over the sea, asking every passer-by "if he (meaning her husband,) had come back yet?"

One morning they missed her from her accustomed seat on the cliff. They feared at first she had fallen over into the sea, till some villager said that he had seen her entering the churchyard; there by her son's grave, with her arms peacefully folded over her breast, lay poor Mrs. Brown as though asleep—lying there dead in the bright sunshine by her boy's grave.

And Brown, in his convict home, thousands of miles away, heard of these things by letter from his friends in England.

Five years had passed since the events I have just narrated, when John Brown, who, by his good conduct had obtained a ticket-of-leave, and had amassed, by honest industry, a good sum of money in the colony, whither in pursuance of his sentence he had been sent, escaped to England. Time and sorrow had altered the once dashing smuggler into a careworn man, with hard lines on his brow, and grizzled locks, and a face so sadly changed, that he had small cause to fear recognition in his native place, where many of his old friends were dead and gone. He felt he might safely pay a visit to the scene where he had spent his fiery boyhood—where he had wooed and won his poor lost Kate.

One wild night in November the escaped convict sat on the oaken settle by the fireside of "The Fortune of War," in ———, a tavern where he and his rollicking companions of "lang syne" had spent many a jovial hour and while silently smoking his pipe, and listening to the conversation of a few sailors who were spending their evening there, he caught the following:—

"Aye; it is just about twenty-five years ago since young Jack Brown was taken by that infernal Gilbert. I remember Jack well—as brave a lad as ever 'ran in' a tub of brandy under yonder cliff. I wonder if he is still in foreign parts, poor lad."

"Ah," said the other, "it is well for Gilbert that Jack is a few thousand miles away over the herring-pond, or I fancy some fine morning we might see George Gilbert with a slit in his wizen, for I've heard 'em tell as how Jack swore, in a letter he wrote, when he heard from a friend here of his boy's

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death, that he would have his revenge—though he waited long years, and came back thousands of miles over the sea to take it.”

“Aye, lad; and Jack Brown will keep his oath some day—depend on’t.”

Thus talked they. It was evident they had forgotten him of whom they spoke. Brown said nothing; but ever and anon they could see a grim smile curl his lip, as the forelight played over his weatherbeaten face.

At last one of the sailors, turning to the stranger, said:

“Well, my hearty, you seem to take interest in our talk—did you know aught of poor Jack?”

“I did,” replied the stranger laconically; “but let me ask in turn what has become of Gilbert?”

“He is at ———, some ten miles from here,” was the answer; when the stranger rose, called for his reckoning and “glasses round,” and bade them good night. This was the last time that John Brown saw his native place again after a long absence.

The next night, in a miserable inn at the town where Gilbert was now stationed, a Preventive man and a tall, muscular stranger in seafaring dress, were in close conversation over their grog. They talked of local matters in general, and smuggling in particular.

“Oh!” said the Preventive man, “there’s not much chance of our making much by seizures now—there are so few to make, since Mr. Gilbert came here. A mighty clever officer is he, too, I can tell you. Did you ever hear the story of his taking Jack Brown, the most out and out smuggler along this coast, some five and twenty years ago?”

The stranger replied that he had not—and listened patiently to the man’s yarn, in which the real facts were magnified by his vivid imagination to such an extent that the stranger could hardly repress a smile at times.

“He must be getting an elderly man now, this Mr. Gilbert?”

“I should think a few years older than you—but then one is apt to be deceived; for he is a gloomy sort of man, and that may make him look older.”

“I was at school with him; that makes me ask,” added the stranger. “I should like to see him again.”

“That you can easily do” was the reply; “he is the keenest officer the King has here-

abouts, and any one can see him going his rounds any night along yonder cliffs, between nine and ten o’clock.”

And so the two shook hands and parted.

It was a dark night; the moon was vainly struggling through a wilderness of clouds as the stranger walked out at the inn door, turned on his heel, and slowly sauntered off in the direction indicated by his late companion. He had not walked a quarter of a mile in the darkness before he heard the sound of approaching footsteps, and a deep, stern voice asked, “Who goes there?”

“One you know well,” was the unsatisfactory answer.

“Honest men are not ashamed of their names, and I suspect you are after no good.”

At this moment the moon shone out from a cloud on the two men, when Brown shouting, “Gilbert, do you know me now—Jack Brown, the convict?” sprung at the officer like a tiger, before cutlass could be unsheathed, or pistol drawn, grasped his throat and falling with him to the ground, knelt on his prostrate foe. For a few moments, stunned by the fall, the officer lay perfectly still; but shortly, recovering his faculties, he writhed desperately in his assailant’s grasp. Though a brave man, and one who felt that his life depended on his exertions, after a few vigorous, but abortive efforts to free himself from his position on the ground, or to clutch his pistols, he found himself utterly powerless in the hands of one powerful as John Brown—for he it was.

Tightening his grasp on Gilbert’s throat, Brown contrived with the other hand to draw both pistols from his enemy’s belt, and laying them on the grass beyond his reach, Gilbert, summoning his strength for another effort, well nigh succeeded in hurling Brown backwards, and drawing his weapon from its scabbard. Quick as lightning, the convict recovered one of the pistols, cocked it, and presenting it close to Gilbert’s temple, bade him be still—or, accompanied by a fierce oath—he would scatter his brains on the turf. The revenue officer, though a bad man, was a brave one, yet it had required something more than rational bravery to disobey the command in such a situation. Gilbert was still waiting a better opportunity for resistance. He could not call for help—for Brown had assured him that if he attempted his cry would be followed by a shot. Sud-

denly the idea flashed through his mind that Brown, who seemed in no hurry to harm him, might, on his return to England be short of money, and have had recourse to highway robbery for subsistence.

"If robbery be your object," gasped Gilbert, as well as he was able, for the ex-smuggler's hand clasped his throat—"take all I have—I will give it you unhesitatingly." The reply was an oath—a tighter squeeze—and—

"I am no thief, George Gilbert. I swore I would take a heavy revenge for my son's slaughter. I will not blow your brains out as I clearly might; firstly, because the shot would bring your men upon me—and secondly because—"

"You surely would not murder me unarmed," said Gilbert, with a cold sweat breaking out at every pore. Loosening his hold for an instant, Brown drew the cutlass from the officer's scabbard, and hurled it over the cliff; then securing the pistols in his vest, he leapt to his feet—an example speedily followed by Gilbert who, with breast heaving and eye glaring like a tiger's at bay, was preparing to dash at his foe, and escape or die at once.

Drawing a pistol once more, Brown said,—

"Gilbert, I strove to have my revenge for my murdered son. I will not slay you unarmed—be this a token,"—and he threw one pistol from him over the cliff—"but one of us must perish to-night. I will give you a last chance for your life—because villain though you are, you were once my dearest friend." So saying he hurled the second pistol after the first, and, extending his arms, shouted—"Come on! There is a fall of eighty feet beneath us, your life or mine to-night!"

Then ensued a deadly struggle between these two bitter foes—both were strong men and expert wrestlers, as all men in the West country are; but a looker-on would soon have seen that Gilbert could not hold out long against the Herculean strength of his antagonist. After a short struggle, in which neither gained any positive advantage over the other, they paused for breath; and, as the moon gleamed down on them, they gazed into each other's eyes with a settled glare of hatred, only to be quelled by death. Dropping suddenly upon one knee, in a manner well-known to all wrestlers, Brown, with a

terrific effort of his giant strength, hurled Gilbert over his shoulder. They were both upon the very brink of the beetling cliff; the wretched man fell down ten feet, when he clung desperately to some bushes which grew upon the precipice.

His *quondam* antagonist looked down upon him for some moments in silence—but no thought of pity influenced him in that evil hour. By a desperate effort Gilbert had succeeded in gaining a temporary resting-place for one of his feet upon a stone that projected from the cliff, and was battling strongly for his life when Brown, looking over the cliff's brow, muttered hoarsely—"Though you showed no mercy to me and mine, I would not destroy body and soul together. I give you five minutes to make your peace with God;" and, seizing a branch he slowly descended and bent it down with those iron hands of his, till Gilbert could grasp it. I know not what may have been the thoughts of that proud, stern man, as he hung by that frail branch between time and eternity—perhaps for a moment a thought of repentance flashed through his mind—but the old spirit broke forth at the last. "Brown!" cried he—"you robbed me of her I loved—you now are about to murder me—a dying man's curse is yours to-night." Brown descended a foot lower—drew his knife—and severed the branch. There was a wild cry—a fearful crash—then all was still. The tide was running in, the tall, pointed rocks below received the miserable Gilbert in his fall. And as the moon shone down upon the ashy face of the murderer her beams revealed to his horror-stricken sight a mangled corpse.

Brown fled. Next morning, the revenue officer's body was found by a fisherman, washed high and dry by the tide into a fissure of the cliff. The brow of the cliff above presented marks of a fearful struggle—but a coroner's inquest returned an open verdict—and, beyond vague surmises, nothing further was known how George Gilbert met his death.

Years after these events, an old man was knocked down by a cart in one of our seaport towns, and taken to the hospital where he soon lay at the point of death. A clergyman was sent for; to him the dying man confessed all that I have told, and died. That man was the duellist, John Brown.

From The Dublin University Magazine.
A STORY FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY THE DEAN OF PIMLICO.

WE were staying during the Christmas week at the Bishop's Palace at X—; a small party—chiefly young people, with a sprinkling of the cleric order. It had snowed most pertinaciously for three days, thus precluding all out of doors amusement, so we were thrown upon our own resources to create enjoyment at home, and kindle artificial sunshine around the yule log, and beneath the mistletoe. And so it came to pass that on the last evening of the old year, after supper, and when our dear and venerable prelate had retired to his rest; one of his grandsons, a fine bright lad just fresh from Harrow, made a lively proposition that we should all sit up till twelve o'clock, and keep vigil, to see the death and the birth, the exit and the entrance of the old and the new year; to say "farewell" to the former, and cry "all hail" to the latter; and to behold these two great shadows meet and mingle for a second on the vast dial-plate of time, and then pass, and part forever more. This motion of our young friend's was carried, no man dissenting; and furthermore, we agreed to beguile the "cripple tardy-gaited night" in telling stories each in his turn, thus establishing a sort of abridged Decameron, but neither so witty or so wicked as the Florentine's; or an "English Night's Entertainment" on an epitomized scale to that of Sultan Schariar, but wanting the cutting off of the heads, and the muliericide of that sanguineous potentate. The young people commenced—the Harrow man leading the van; their narratives were not over wise, but then they were not over long, and if they were wanting in learning and wit, they produced laughter and kept up good humor, which was all we required. Then followed a sentimentally intoned, and somewhat lugubrious recital from the pale young curate of Hazlewhittle-cum-Shiveringham, which had this remarkable feature, that the most melancholy parts of the narrative were sure to produce most concealed mirth among the younger auditory; and what the pensive narrator put forth as pathos, seemed ever to be considered by his hearers as purest bathos. Doctor Broadhurst next took up his parable, and narrated his adventures in the great snow of 18—, during a ride from Oxford to C— when his "black mare balled in her

hoofs—slipped—slided—sliddered, and eventually stumbled and fell prone; prostrating the learned Doctor on the surface of the snowy element, who lost on the occasion his equilibrium, and his blue spectacles. And this fall had nothing of miracle in it, seeing the Doctor was purblind quoad his vision, and plethoric quoad his person, and thereby unfitted to perform the functions of the equestrian order, &c." "Procumbit humi bos" whispered the Harrovian. It was now eleven o'clock, and none remained but myself, and our honored guest the Dean of Pimlico, who looked so intelligent and had such a sparkle in his pure grey English eye, and such a meeting of the waters of benevolence and sarcasm around his well cut mouth, that calling to mind what the great Ussher once said of Bishop Bedell, "broach him, and you will find good liquor in him," I felt certain that the Dean of Pimlico—"clarum et venerabile nomen"—would not belie either his face or his fame by the quality of his narrative. So I briefly and simply told what had befallen me by night at an old Inn in the City of Gloucester where George Whitefield was born, and the comfort I had received, in an hour of depression, from the chimes of an ancient clock, most sweet and clear, ringing out, over the still midnight air, a Gregorian tone. My tale was short, and my audience applauded me—an unexpected compliment, paid, I suspect, more to the brevity of my story than produced by its weight. And now all eyes were turned upon the Dean of Pimlico, who, crossing his strong but well shaped limbs on the hearth-rug, with a white handkerchief in his hand, and a clear and ringing voice, and a preliminary smile, and a little hem, as if he were about to deliver a charge to his chapter, proceeded as follows:—

It was about this night seven years that I was standing on my own drawing-room hearth-rug, thinking of nothing, and listlessly watching the footman who was extinguishing the waxlights in the lustre; for I had had a bachelor's dinner party, and my guests were just departed—when suddenly there came a tremendous double knock at the hall door, disturbing the silence of the night, and expressive of haste and much mental agitation in him who knocked. On the door being opened, some one bounded up the stairs with such a wonderful velocity and eagerness, that I immediately concluded it must be either a

highwayman, or else my nephew Harry, a young divinity student; but who, having Irish blood in his veins, occasionally exhibited more vivacity than just suited the sober standard of my staid domicile. True enough it was he, and his first appearance rather alarmed me, for I love the lad in my soul, and he is to be my heir. On the present occasion his face was flushed, his hair in disorder, and his eye and aspect troubled and excited.

"Well, Harry, what is the matter? What has brought you up like a ghost in a tragedy, at this witching hour of night, to murder sleep, and disturb me and my decorous household? Speak now, or else forever hereafter hold thy peace."

"O uncle," exclaimed the young fellow, seating himself in an arm-chair, "I have done a deed half an hour ago, which must affect my whole future life, and at which I am sure you will be displeased; and so I came here, late though it be, to tell you my distress, and ask for counsel."

"Why, what in the name of wonder have you been doing?" I exclaimed. "Say, Stagyrile, have you been libelling Sam of Oxford; or publishing a pasquinade on Dr. Pusey; or administering strychnine to Cardinal Wiseman?"

"No, I assure you, uncle," answered the simple hearted, matter-of-fact young fellow, "I have never written any libel on the Lord Bishop; and as for Dr. Pusey, I have only seen him once, when I could not believe it was he; and in regard of Dr. Wiseman, whatever I might——"

"Come, come," interrupted I, "let us have no scandalum magnatum. He *has* an indubitable position, though not from us or with us; but what is the cause of your trouble, Harry?"

"Why, uncle, I was dining to-day at our cousin's, General O'Brien's. You know you always wished me to cultivate that family; they are so accomplished, so pious, and so charming."

"Humph," said I, "no doubt they are; but I can guess what is coming."

"And so, uncle, after having been acquainted with them for the last six weeks; led on by the irresistible ardor of an attachment founded on rational esteem," [here I smiled] "cemented by long intercourse,"

"six weeks to wit," thought I,] and developing a golden future of domestic happiness," ["More gold, I fear, in the brain than in the bank," I mentally ejaculated,] "I proposed, and was accepted to night by Mary O'Brien; and we have agreed to be married immediately after my ordination. Now, uncle, are you angry with your poor nephew, your sister's son, for taking this step without your express knowledge and sanction?"

"Well, I confess I have a right to be angry. You know I am your guardian, and stand to you in loco parentis, and you ought to have consulted me before you took the plunge, and not to have come to me now all dripping and drowned, and in this thorough Irish fashion, after the deed was done, under the pretence of asking advice, but in reality seeking for approbation. I am, however, less angry than I ought to be, for two reasons; first, because from the Hibernian impetuosity of your temperament I always felt that you *would* achieve an exploit of this kind sooner or later; and, secondly, I *do* think most highly of your choice, if she had a few more years notched in her life's young calendar, and a little of added experience to suit her for a clergyman's wife."

"O! dear uncle, Mary is full eighteen years of age, and I assure you is as wise"——

"As Minerva, no doubt," I said, "and as experienced in menage matters as Ilecuba. Well, we will grant all this for argument's sake; but how are you to live, Harry? Whence are you to have 'the supplies?' Love is poor to a proverb; Love is a pauper, and makes more paupers than he has pence to fill their pockets with. Love cannot furnish your house; or feed your children, for I presume you intend having children. Love cannot buy you a loin of veal, or gammon of bacon, nor worsted hose, or Welsh flannel, in case you or Mary should become rheumatick, which you probably will be when you come to my years."

"O, uncle, uncle, how can you conjure up such ideas?" said Harry, half laughing. "The truth is that we have quite enough to marry on; for there is a hundred pounds a year which Mary's aunt and godmother, Lady L. settled on her; and then my curacy will bring in a hundred pounds more, annually; then something will come to us at the General's death; but this Mary will not

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suffer me to speak of. And then—and then—”

“Proceed,” said I, well knowing what the young fellow was going to say.

“Why, uncle,” said he, taking my hand, and looking so wonderfully like my dear sister, with his fair complexion, and wistful, earnest eyes—“we thought and reckoned on your goodness; that as you have been ever like a father to your orphan nephew, and as you seem to admire Mary most of all the General’s other eight daughters, and as you are always as generous as a prince,” [I assure you, gentlemen, the young fellow was quite wrong here, and knew nothing about me] “so we were sanguine on having a little settlement from you also, until such time as I have obtained a living, and done my duties in such a manner as to deserve it.”

“Well, Harry,” said I, “I am sure you will be an active and earnest minister. You cannot help it, Harry; you have it from nature; you are physically and constitutionally fidgetty and mercurial, as is your country’s fashion; you have a kindly nature too, my boy, and no doubt will make an exemplary married man, your domestic organs having a most amiable development. And so, as for the settlement you speak of, it shall be forthcoming in due time, I promise you; but now that the shock of your sudden appearance has subsided, I confess I feel rather sleepy; and you will forgive me if I say, inclined to yawn. I am not in love, and must therefore go to bed, and I advise you by all means to go home quietly and do the same. So, good night, my dear lad; we will meet at ten o’clock breakfast.”

I offered him my hand, but he clasped his arms round me like a child, and though I felt ashamed at the action, I could not but return the pressure; and so we parted, just as the clock on the mantle piece struck the hour of twelve.

Henry Font was my sister’s only child. His father was an Irishman, and a captain of dragoons, and was shot in the saddle during a cavalry charge in India. They called it a “brilliant affair,” but it killed my poor sister, and made Harry an orphan before he was six years old. Old Mr. Font, his grandfather, now took him up, and had him at his castle in the wilds of Connaught, schooling him in Galway town, and afterwards entering him into the College of Dublin, where he had

not been many months when the old gentleman died, and I took immediate possession of Harry, and had him to Cambridge—to old Trinity—my own college; where he gained many honors, for the lad inherited diligence and a taste for learning from my side of the house, and was naturally smart enough, besides possessing a wonderful talent for making friends, from his enthusiasm, his simplicity, and the purity of his life. I certainly was charmed at having rescued the poor fellow from the University of Dublin; for though I acknowledge that the courses of the sciences are well looked after there, I must ever denounce their imperfect manner of composition, and making Latin verses, [here the Dean’s manner became slightly acidulated, yet piquant as a lemon lozenge] “they may compose clumsy hexameters, or stiff mechanical pentameters. Sapphics too they might achieve; but I do avow, gentlemen; nay, insist on it, that the Dhoriambio—the Choriambic laughs them to scorn.”

He paused here a little excited, and then went calmly on.

“Well, gentlemen, that I be not further tedious to you, my nephew was ordained in March, and married in April; the ceremony took place in the cathedral of Pimlico; it was performed by our dear and right reverend host, assisted by your humble servant. It was a quiet wedding; Mary’s eight handsome smiling sister lassies officiating as bridesmaids, and the old general in full uniform, (he was colonel of the Connaught Rangers, the gallant eighty-eighth,) with golden aiguillettes on his shoulder, and sparkling crosses on his breast, and true valor in his heart, and a strong county of Clare accent on his tongue. Short of an eye like Hannibal, and minus a leg like Lord Anglesey, this fine old veteran stumped up the aisle, and frankly gave his lovely blushing daughter away. “She was number six,” he said, and he had “no better or fairer than his Mary.” And the stern soldier, who had led a forlorn hope more than once, and would march up with composure to the iron mouths of a gun battery, now broke down into nature’s softness; and as he bid the bride a weeping farewell, the heart of steel became like virgin wax. I wished their bridal tour should be to Cumberland or Scotland, and expressed this desire, as I slipped a bank post bill into Harry’s hand

on his getting the license; but no, he was a regular lover of the Green Isle, and *there* he would go, and Mary was of course sympathetic, and as patriotic as he. I then suggested their going to see Armagh, which I had heard of as a rather civilized part of Ireland, with a cathedral, and archiepiscopal palace, to be a refuge in case of any popular outbreak, or attack from the whiteboys, rebels, or assassins of other denominations. But no; my gentleman was firm, and he was determined to visit the "Wild West," and trace the ruins of his ancestor's old Castle of *Kilmanmore*, on the banks of what he called the *Killeries*. I certainly listened to these sanguineous appellations with a shudder, which was not allayed when he further announced his intention of going among some friends of his lady's residing in the county of Tipperary, close under the *Knock me down Mountains*,* and from thence they were to visit an aunt of the young wife's, the Dowager Lady L— residing (they told me, laughing actually at what made my few particular hairs to enact porcupine quills *a la Hamlet*.) in a lone old place called *Kilbride Hall*, near the town of Ballyragget; but whether the first syllable of this last was spelled with an *a* or an *e*, I protest I know not, save that the name of the locality seemed to me to sound grisly, and to irresistibly associate with itself the phantoms of Irish hunger and nakedness.

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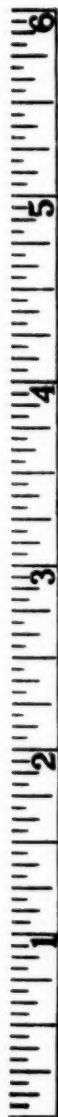
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On the last day of the year the season was so sultry that the fire went out of its own accord, and no one thought of renewing it; the sky was of a hazy blue; the air dazzling and trying to the eyes, and the light brassy. A nervous man would have complained of the weather, for the atmosphere seemed pregnant with electricity. We spent the whole day wandering amidst the glades of the earl's deer park; and the sun went down in a burning flush of bright crimson haze, the sky all dotted and flecked with pink clouds and copper colored lines. I never knew so still an evening. After prayers were over, we walked out before the hall door, to watch the effect of the moonlight streaming on the great tree. The air was even sultry. It was a splendid night, and almost as light as day; the wind rising in light gusts, and voices as



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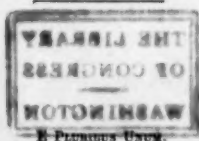
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seemed to me very insecure, but the family chiefly inhabited an offshoot which was a much later erection. I spent a delightful month here; Harry was as enthusiastic and as vehement as ever, and a truly active and efficient parish minister. Here was a large body of well conditioned Protestant yeomanry, farmers and cottiers, and the country was studded with the handsome seats of an educated, well born, and very wealthy gentry. Truly I was amazed, for I always considered that Justice Shallow's observation was peculiarly applicable to Ireland and her sons, "Beggars all—beggars all."

But I must hasten my tale, or the new year will anticipate its conclusion. In the following December I was again summoned to Dublin, and I spent my Christmas at Earls-oke; they were to leave it in March for their new house, which stood higher up in the valley, and less exposed to the prevailing western gales. The old tree, almost denuded, yet with a few pale brown leaves clinging to its vast arms and distorted branches, looked the very type of gaunt and worn senility; yet the children dearly loved this ancient servitor, regarding it I believe next to their parents, and spent most of their play hours climbing amidst its branches, or racing around its stem, or sitting in its hollow. The river ran deep, turbid, and strong. The weather was mild as the year died away, and we had a "green Christmas," yet the place was healthy, and no deaths, thus falsifying an old proverb.

On the last day of the year the season was so sultry that the fire went out of its own accord, and no one thought of renewing it; the sky was of a hazy blue; the air dazzling and trying to the eyes, and the light brassy. A nervous man would have complained of the weather, for the atmosphere seemed pregnant with electricity. We spent the whole day wandering amidst the glades of the earl's deer park; and the sun went down in a burning flush of bright crimson haze, the sky all dotted and flecked with pink clouds and copper colored lines. I never knew so still an evening. After prayers were over, we walked out before the hall door, to watch the effect of the moonlight streaming on the great tree. The air was even sultry. It was a splendid night, and almost as light as day; the wind rising in light gusts, and voices as

it were seeming to come from the old woods, as it fell away into calm again. Suddenly Harry spoke,

"Uncle, do you not hear the galloping of a horse just near the bridge? Who can it be at this hour?"

We all listened, and suspicion became certainty as in about five minutes a man rode through the avenue gate, slamming it violently, and cantered up to the hall door.

"It is young Ashcroft, the earl's game-keeper from Acton Wood; his brother John must be dying. He has had consumption for the last year. Well, Ashcroft, what's the matter?"

"O, sir, you are wanted immediately; poor John has had a sudden attack, and is sinking rapidly."

In ten minutes Harry was in the saddle; and I, strange to say, loth to lose his company, and delighting in the beauty of the night, determined to accompany him. I was at that time writing a Treatise on Anemology, and I was curious to observe from actual observation how the wind acted on the trees and their branches, and the sound produced thereby. Harry mounted me on his bay cob, a steady animal that had never carried a Dean before; and we set out, after a most ultra-rehement parting between Harry and the little wife, as affectionate and as protracted as if he were about to start for Central Africa, or depart on the Patagonian mission. He spoke about her on our ride, and told me what a treasure of goodness and love she was to him. I told him how much I really admired her, and said I had perceived how finely and sweetly tempered her spirit had become, and finished by quoting to him, old bachelor as I was, some fine lines from Marlow which run thus:

"The treasures of the deep are not so great
As the concealed comforts of a man
Locked up in woman's love."

We had a brilliant ride through the woods over the old bridge, and past the castle which was all shut up, the family being in London. But the night was evidently changing, and gathering for rain, and large dull masses of cloud were sailing across the moon's face and obscuring her light. In an hour we had reached the ranger's house, embosomed in trees, and we were scarcely in shelter when the storm came on most violently, the thunder rattling and pealing, the lightning flashing every minute with a brilliancy almost blinding, deluging the whole air with fire, and the rain falling in pailfuls; the wind driving it furiously against the window-panes,

and on the slates of the unceiled house in which we were sheltered. I was now sorry I had come, for the prospect of our home ride was any thing but agreeable, and I would willingly have given my "Treatise on Anemology" to its kindred winds, to be once more safely under Earl Desmond's oak, or ensconced in an arm chair at Mary Font's bright fireside. The sick man too was much better; it was a false alarm; he had fainted, and they imagined it to be approaching death. In the midst of my perplexity I could not but admire Harry's great tact and adaptation of himself, as well as his tenderness and care with these poor people; he seemed quite to forget self, to be deaf to the storm and blind to the lightning, while he read the Scriptures, and prayed fervently and simply, and was indeed among them, like his Divine Master, "as one that serveth;" and I confess I was reproved and felt ashamed of my selfishness, when I compared it with his disinterestedness and devotion.

It was now just midnight, and it seemed as if the old year at that dread hour was battling fiercely for his right, as amidst contending elements—the storm, the lightning, the thunder, and the rain—he abdicated his sovereignty, and withdrew in sullen subjection to the fated orb of Time. The clock in the keeper's kitchen had struck twelve; the sick man had fallen asleep; we sat on, and still on, listening to the storm, and watching and praying for a change. And now the clock struck one, and was answered by a peal of thunder that shook the house and the very heavens; the rain flashing against the windows, and the wind whooping, and screaming, and raging out among the dense old woods with a noise and din at once horrible and confounding. Harry was urgent on me to lie down; he was dreadfully pale; yet it could not be from fear, for he had twice ventured out of the house, that he might report on the probable cessation of the storm. Truth to speak, I was thoroughly weary, and the keeper's bed being bright, and sweet, and the sheets like snow, I undressed, and soon slept soundly, and did not wake for many hours, when I thought there appeared a faint dawn; but Harry who came into the room with a candle, said, "no, it is the moonlight still; but the storm, thank God is subsiding." He was pale as a corpse, and his clothes appeared to be thoroughly soaked. I quickly rose, and as I was dressing, he told me that, fearing for his wife and family, he had made an effort to reach home shortly after two o'clock. John Ashcroft had accompanied him, and they had ridden swiftly through the woods, keeping to the more open glades, for the boughs were falling and flying; but on reaching the Holmes they found them all

flooded, and the bridge entirely swept away; "and so," said Harry, "we came back to wait till dawn. Now, dear uncle, the rain is over, and your horse is ready, and let us start in God's name, for I have passed a miserable night; for O, uncle, the walls and the roof of my house never could have stood beneath last night's storm; and where is my wife, and where are my helpless children? O! I am undone unless God has taken them under his special protection, and wrought some miracle on their behalf;" his voice faltered as he spoke, and he turned his head aside. I was indeed greatly affected, and shared his fears, remembering well the bulging walls of the old house, and the toppling mass of heavy chimney work which beetled over the roof, beneath which these poor doves had made their nest.

We rode very fast, getting out on the high road, which was a long circuit, but safe and smooth, passing over the river by a high stone bridge which the flood could not reach or injure. Harry scarcely spoke; he appeared to be engaged in mental prayer. We passed a farm house, with its haggard and outhouses all wrecked and desolated, and its strong roof torn up. Harry shuddered, and said,

"If my merciful Saviour spares me this dreadful cup, I will—I will indeed!"

Here tears choked his utterance: I soothed him as best I could, but he spoke no more, but kept urging his horse into a steady gallop, so that we soon reached the turn to the valley in whose gorge the old lodge stood half way up the hill. The moon had now sunk, and it was grey dawn, I should think about seven o'clock, but too dark to see more than a perch or so before us. Presently we were at the lawn gate. O! heavens, the great oak was down, lying like a huge monster on the little lawn—not a vestige of the house to be seen.

Alas, alas! dear Harry, they are crushed to death—God's will be done.

He spoke not for a moment; then he stood straight up in his stirrups, and dropping the bridle, and clapping his hands together, he uttered a cry so loud, so deep, so shrill in its heart-bursting agony that it haunted me for months after. Then leaping from his horse, he rushed to a little path which brought us to the back of the newer part of the dwelling, and bursting through a lower door he ran along the passage which led into the old rooms. As he ran, he cried with a piercing and troubled voice—

"Mary! Mary! where are you? My wife, my own Mary, my best wife, speak to me for God's sake if you are alive. O, dearest, speak to me—speak to me—my wife, my wife!"

But there was no response to that passionate pleading, as his feet paused at her chamber door.

Yet no ruin, no destruction had been here, and the first flush of hope rose faintly to his brow as he turned the handle and we entered.

A watch light burning on the table, and a Bible open at the 91st Psalm by its side, and the young wife asleep in a large arm chair looking, as I thought, never more lovely. He did not speak, or wake her, but kneeling down at her bedside he buried his face in the pillows, and I knew by the strong heavings of his shoulders, that weeping, and thanksgiving, and the voice of adoration for great goodness, and fervent supplication were all ascending together to heaven, from a heart which was greatly but sweetly over-ried with sudden joy. He then arose, and turning to me, he cried, "uncle," and clasped me in his arms: and then again kneeling down, gently, and reverently, and with a look and a smile of unspeakable love he took his wife's fair little hand which hung over the arm of the chair, and kissing it most tenderly, she awoke—and in a moment they were fast locked in each other's arms.

"Dearest Harry, God has preserved us wonderfully; the old oak was split by the lightning early in the night, and afterwards fell with a frightful crash: I thought at first that the house was falling, but only a few windows and slates were dislodged. The tree fell clear of us, through God's mercy, and has lain before the house all the night, stretched in front, and shielding us from the storm. Dear old friend! faithful even in death; and we were as secure behind its mass of stem and branches as if we were sheltered in a castle of steel. At first I was dreadfully alarmed, but my children were all asleep, and knew nothing either of danger or of dread; and as the night wore on, and I sat here working, and reading, and waiting for your return, I grew perfectly calm, knowing that God would take care of me and mine; and so I scarcely heard the storm, and my only anxiety was about my absent husband and our good uncle here."

"And mine!"—he said, with fervent solemnity of manner; "I will not speak of it now, for indeed something more than the heaviness of death was with me all the night, in the thoughts of losing you, Mary; but I am well content that it should have been so now, since such joy has come in the morning; but see," said he, going to a little oriel window which faced the east, "there is the first sunbeam over the Galtees, and I greet it from my heart; for it will not shine on a happier being under the whole wide heavens than I am on this blessed New Year's Morning."

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